New Republic

MAR 17 1947

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New Republic

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## Letter of the Week

### *Aftermath of the Canadian "Spy" Trials*

*The author of the following letter, Leslie Roberts, is a Canadian political writer and former war correspondent. He is a regular contributor to leading magazines in Canada and the US and the author of seven books. Roberts is an executive member of the Montreal Civil Liberties Association.*

SIR: Omitted from the many slick-magazine articles recently published in the United States concerning what are inaccurately termed "the Canadian spy trials," has been any allusion to the techniques employed by the Canadian government and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. No major reference has been made to protests against these modes of procedure, to the important sources of these protests or to the results in the case of innocent people. What follows, therefore, is said simply to put the record straight.

First, the technique: On February 15, 1946, 12 Canadian citizens were arrested by the RCMP under detention orders signed by the Minister of Justice, the Honorable Louis St. Laurent, and made possible by a secret wartime order-in-council. A thirteenth, Captain Gordon Lunan, was flown back from Britain "to take over new duties" and was arrested when he arrived in Canada on February 16.

The suspect group was held incommunicado for periods ranging up to seven weeks without charges being laid. Citizens later cleared by the courts were denied access to counsel, even when under questioning, for as much as six weeks, despite their repeated protests. Following police questioning, the suspects were brought before a Royal Commission where, in a majority of cases, they were still denied legal advice until they had "confessed." Some, having nothing to confess, obviously refused, and were promptly accused by the Crown of impeding the course of justice.

The Royal Commissioners then reported their findings in 733 pages of

*(Continued on page 46)*

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# THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER?

"Though recently there has been some surcease from the alarms, you still hear talk everywhere you go in this country. From the lecture platform and in the newspapers you are told that the hour is late . . . war is imminent."

"But just as surely; the course of Russo-American relations is toward war at some distant date. . . . It is quite probable that in some fifteen years, Russia . . . will be strong enough on the sea and in the air to risk war. . . . "

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New Republic

VOLUME 116. NUMBER 11, ISSUE 1685. NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 17, 1947

# News in Focus

## Containing Operation

*Peace*

THE events attending Secretary Marshall's departure for Moscow sobered and frightened Washington more deeply than anything since the fall of France back in the easy-going summer days of 1940. Now that the soldier-diplomat has launched the crucial talks at Moscow, the Capital is shaking itself out of its fright and is attempting to evaluate the urgent and exacting demands he left behind as he stepped aboard his airliner. Peace in the world of 1947, apparently, is to be as exciting and trying as war itself.

Marshall's statement from the door of his airplane made it clear that he is cherishing no illusions about the difficulties of his assignment. He hopes, cautiously, for a settlement on Austria; he aspires, even more cautiously, for some kind of understanding on the basic principles which some time, somehow, may be made the foundation for a German peace settlement.

The General is waging peace with the same cautious and careful technique with which he waged war. But every indication in Washington prior to his departure pointed to the fact that Marshall was preparing to conduct a "containing" operation, rather than preparing a mobile diplomatic campaign to resolve the great problem of the modern world: the relationship between the US and the USSR.

The Moscow mission has become, at its very outset, almost a complete paradox. The Secretary of State is seeking at Moscow a peace settlement for Central Europe while simultaneously directing plans for open economic warfare against Russia's expansion on the periphery of Europe.

The manner in which the Greek crisis broke over Washington and ultimately overshadowed the hopeful preparations for the new meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers is all the more amazing when viewed in the perspective of the now obvious disintegration of the holding power of Britain. The repercussions in the Capital were reminiscent of war days. When President Truman and Marshall broke the news to a bipartisan group from Congress, the congressmen reacted as if they had never received a prior intimation of the fact that Britain was in dire political and economic straits. The accounts of what happened in Truman's office now rather thoroughly agree. The Secretary of State viewed the delivery of responsibility for Greece almost solely in terms of an operation to "contain" and restrain Russian expansion toward the Mediterranean. Britain was faltering at Athens; a British default would mean opportunity for Communist forces in Greece; consequently the US must step in and accept the responsibility. The overtones of Marshall's matter-of-fact report on the politics of the Mediterranean were the same as those used by Franklin D. Roosevelt six years ago when he told congressmen of his plan for lend-lease to stop Hitler. The reaction of the congressmen was generally similar.

*Drawing by Zadig*

SECRETARY MARSHALL

But, in presenting the Greek picture, Marshall apparently talked as a general preparing a campaign in which any kind of ally would be utilized for the moment to secure the objective of preventing a political "break-through." One official, who conversed intimately with the Secretary the day after the White House meeting, said that Marshall was preoccupied completely with the task of maintaining the status in Greece. He was unresponsive and vague to suggestions that the United States might find itself embracing a far from savory partner in the reactionary Greek regime (see page 26).

Crisis thinking, apparently, is overruling and nullifying Marshall's own previous quiet but direct suggestions that the Athens regime put its house in order.

No conditions were specified this time when the President and the Secretary of State broke the bad news to Congress. And, with Marshall at Moscow as Congress begins moving toward providing a temporary dyke against communism in Greece, it is unlikely that any voice will be raised on Capitol Hill in demand for such conditions. The only consideration of the moment is that Britain retain her garrison in Greece at its present strength. The congressmen are willing, under pressure, to finance opposition to the Communist idea in Greece or elsewhere, but they tremble visibly at any suggestion that this country might ultimately be compelled to

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back up its dollars with troops. No one yet has suggested that, in the relations of great powers, a limited commitment is an ultimate impossibility, that financial conflict usually leads to physical conflict. That fact surely has been recognized by Marshall—whose whole training and experience is that of a military realist—but Marshall has not yet impressed that fact on Congress.

With equal certainty, it must be assumed that the realities of "limited commitments" will not be overlooked by Molotov during the conversations now in progress. The Greek sensation in Washington was no less a sensation in Moscow; as a consequence, the Council of Foreign Ministers is confronted with an irritating agent of dangerous proportions.

The consequences may be dangerous for the entire world. The Great Powers, through the exigencies of mutual US-USSR discord, have approached the peace-making task from its fringes rather than attacking it at the center—Germany. The struggles of Byrnes at Luxembourg were over the periphery of the peace problem. The essential question of Germany and the matter of a modus vivendi for Russian and American philosophies in Central Europe were almost untouched either at Paris or in the conference room at New York. The acute danger of the Greek situation at Moscow is that the imminent American assumption of responsibility at Athens may throw the deliberations of the council once more back to the fringe issues of Europe and develop debate which will prevent a final solution of the German problem.

The prospects for a Russo-American *rapprochement* on Germany were not hopeful when Marshall flew east. For the first time since the war, there is open talk at the State Department about solidification of relations with Britain and France in preparation for the consultation with Moscow. The State Department under Byrnes last spring went to great lengths to proclaim that the US was not joining with any nation against Russia. The State Department this spring is talking about measures to bring both Britain and France closer to the US for the crucial decisions now to be made.

# Exhibit B

*Foreign Affairs*

GREECE had been a typical instrument of the postwar Anglo-Saxon partnership to isolate the world of the Soviet Union behind a perimeter of anti-Communist regimes. This week, as the British half of the power partnership crumbled along the Aegean, the full weight of this two-world burden shifted to the US.

China was Exhibit A of US efforts to prop up a backward-looking government for the sake of an anti-Soviet exterior. Greece was Exhibit B of British efforts to do likewise. The policy, patently deficient in moral values, was in danger of flunking even the doubtful test of expediency.

Up to last week the US had trailed along behind the British Foreign Office in the Near and Middle East. US Army Transport planes had flown British reinforcements into embattled Athens two years ago, and much of the "British" equipment given to the Greek Royalist forces was of lend-lease origin. But now America had to take an open stand. Whatever attitude it adopted would be keenly felt in oligarchic but solidly anti-Russian Turkey; in medieval Iran; the feudal Arab world; in turbulent Italy and in war-split China.

President Truman abruptly canceled his Caribbean vacation, summoned top congressional leaders to a White House conference, mapped out a message to Congress reportedly recommending a $250 million credit to Greece. Half the sum was said to be to help the Athens government in its bitter civil war against Greek leftists of every complexion.

American aid, said a note from Greece, was needed for immediate subsistence purposes; for reconstruction of Greek economy; and, most important, "to enable the civil and military establishment of the government to obtain from abroad the means of restoring in the country the tranquillity and feeling of security indispensable to the achievement of economic and political recovery." No ugly words like "civil war" or "armaments" were mentioned.

Equally obscure was the projected role of the 15,000 to 20,000 British troops said to be in Greece. Unofficial reports said that the Labor Government, despite parliamentary pressure for the return home of its overseas manpower, was willing to leave half of its present force in Greece in exchange for US financial commitments. The troop proviso was important because American public opinion was clearly opposed to new expeditionary forces. President Truman had recommended that the draft law be allowed to expire on March 31; there was little chance of an overflow of US volunteers for service in Greece.

Meanwhile the Greeks stepped up plans for an all-out drive against the Left. New army classes and reservists were called up, and Public Works Minister Stylianos Gonatas confirmed that the general staff had requested suspension of the Greek constitution in certain contested areas. The Royalist journal, *Anexartisia,* summoned Greeks to "merciless suppression of the rebellion; we have got the required material means which were lacking before."

Doubters were scolded by Athens radio, which noted that when Secretary Marshall recently urged "loyal" Greek parties to form a broader government some Greeks "misinterpreted this as demanding conciliation with the rebel army." In refutation, the radio quoted a Greek correspondent in Washington who had sought clarification at the State Department: "Well informed American circles stressed that it is nonsense to believe the American government wants to contribute to delivering Greece to Communist influence. The lines of American foreign policy were clearly defined through the predominance of the Republican Party, which intends to apply very drastic measures against any Communist activities."

Who were these Greek interpreters of Secretary Marshall, and who the "rebels"? Technically, the Greek government calls itself a "nationalist coalition." Actually, it is made up exclusively of rightists, and all the power is in the hands of the ultra-reactionary Royalists, who control the ministries of Foreign Affairs, War, Public Order and Finance. Aged Prime Minister Demetrios Maximos, an "independent" ex-Royalist, is a figurehead; the policy decisions and important statements are

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still made by Royalist boss Constantine Tsaldaris, who is Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister. Clearest proof of the non-coalition character of the government has been the steady abstinence of octogenarian Liberal Party leader Themistocles Sofoulis, a middle-of-the-roader who has insisted that compromise rather than mutual slaughter is the answer for Greece. Sofoulis, no lover of the outlawed EAM, nevertheless opposes Tsaldaris' brutal program for exterminating the Left, saying it can only create "savage hatred and an abysmal chasm between Greek citizens."

The nucleus of the EAM guerrilla forces consists of underground fighters who opposed the Nazi occupation, and have since refused to lay down their arms unless the Royalist "X-ite" bands did likewise. At the time of Greece's liberation, US intelligence reports estimated that the EAM was 15 to 20-percent Communist, with the rest ranging from Socialist to Conservative Republican. Today, in the words of liberal ex-Finance Minister Constantine Rendis, "the countryside is filled with partisans who are not Communists." Confirmed NBC correspondent John Donovan, after an extensive tour of the Macedonian fighting areas: "The government is recruiting Andartes for the Left by its oppressive measures; a lot of well meaning people who refuse to be pushed around by Security Battalion stooges are taking potshots at the army and the police. Even the right-wing villages are fed up with the corrupt Athenian regime." Donovan noted a "strong Communist clique" among the guerrillas, but stressed the balancing presence of "many who are not Communists and who would in all probability fight the Communists in the future."

Thus, there were serious moral implications in the throwing of US weight behind an anti-guerrilla campaign. Likewise questionable was the effectiveness of such a policy. The present Greek regime, even with Spitfires and tanks at its disposal, has been unable to muster enough popular support to end the civil war. Its economic program, under which foreign exchange was made free to all comers a year ago and imports were uncontrolled, has had disastrous consequences: $200 million in foreign ex-

*Drawing by Lynd Ward*

TWICE THE BURDEN

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change was wiped out; luxury goods were brought in while the poor lacked necessities; and inflation zoomed in the complete absence of any income taxes, either personal or corporate.

## "Better Year"

*Business*

THE fact that 1946 was a year of glittering profits for most US business was further documented last week by the venerable National City Bank of New York. Its survey of annual reports by 840 manufacturing corporations turned up some gold-plated statistics: (1) although aggregate sales skidded 17 percent, net income after taxes jumped $2 billion; (2) the 12-month rise in over-all profits averaged 37 percent; (3) the 840 corporations earned an average return of 11.9 percent on their total net worth in 1946.

The figures used by National City include lagging producers of electrical equipment, agricultural machinery and heavy goods who had lost money because of material shortages, reconversion and labor disputes. Thus the overwhelming proportion (75 percent) who had increased their profits enjoyed even greater prosperity than the averages indicated. Industries with profit boosts over 100 percent included the makers of glass, paper, cement, beverages and cotton goods. Meat-packing, rubber, baking and paint companies were all up more than 90 percent. "One of the better years," remarked National City.

## Decision

*Supreme Court*

JOHN L. LEWIS is so cordially disliked that it seemed almost righteous when Chief Justice Vinson and the vast majority of the press treated the Supreme Court ruling in the United Mine Workers' case as a decisive vindication of Truth and Justice and a brilliant solution of the difficult problems created by nationwide strikes. Actually, the court split five to four on both major issues in its decision. Its judgment on both, according to eloquent minority opinions by Justices Murphy and Rutledge, may have created more dangers than it relieved.

## Circle Closed

IN 1930, Republican Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur loyally picked Hoover Dam as the name of the mammoth engineering project on the Colorado River. Three years later Democrat Harold Ickes grumpily changed it to Boulder Dam. Last week the Republican House pushed through a bill restoring the original appelation. Suggested writer Upton Sinclair: "Why not swap . . . Hoover Dam and Boulder Depression?"

The press correctly reported the court's five-to-four division in holding that, regardless of the Norris-LaGuardia Act, the government can successfully seek court injunctions against strikes by its "employees" in mines "seized" and "operated" under the Smith-Connally Act (although profits were still going to the mines' private operators).

But the more dangerous part of the decision was the further ruling that, even if a lower court's injunction is illegal, a union can be criminally punished for disobeying the order pending its overthrow on appeal. Newspapers widely stated that the court divided seven to two on this issue. It didn't.

The separate opinion of Justices Black and Douglas agreed abstractly that lower-court injunctions should be obeyed pending review. But Black and Douglas held that no punishment should be meted out for disobedience. Punishment, they argued, should be imposed only after the legality of the injunctions had been upheld on appeal and if the union thereafter disobeyed the orders.

Viewed "in the light of industrial realities," this is the heart of the matter. As Justice Murphy declared in his dissent, the history of federal-court injunctions before the Norris-LaGuardia Act showed that "time and again" strikes were broken "by the mere issuance of a temporary restraining order" which, whether legal or not, required obedience and "often resulted in neutralizing the rights of employees to strike and picket." The legislative history of the Norris-LaGuardia Act shows that its express intention was to check the issuance of preliminary injunctions and thus to protect labor against judicial infringement of its rights by lower courts.

Chief Justice Vinson's controlling opinion in the Lewis decision blithely slighted discussion of this fact. In its support of the "sovereign" right of the "government to govern," as some editorialists put it, the court in effect held that a union could be summarily punished for violating lower-court injunctions, when a property was "seized" by the President, even if the orders were capricious, arbitrary and illegal.

Vinson and the court majority wrote a politically popular decision. "There is no room in this country," exulted Representative Graham A. Barden (D, N. C.) in a typical congressional reaction, "for both an empire of John L. Lewis and for the US Government. Thank God, our democracy still is supreme."

But the fact remains that a weapon has been put into the hands of government for smashing strikes by the devices of "seizure" and court injunction. The Smith-Connally Act, under which seizure of the coal mines occurred, expires June 30. Suppose Congress reënacts some version of the law for dealing with industrywide labor disputes or other disputes affecting the "national public interest"?

Seizure of steel mills, automobile plants, coal mines, and injunctions exposing unions to crippling fines, are not likely to settle the fundamental economic clashes of our industrialized capitalistic system. The government could have prosecuted Lewis under the Smith-Connally Act, in a jury trial and with possible penalties of imprisonment and fines. Instead, it chose to resort to the injunctive process, and the Supreme Court has now restored the legality of this process which was repudiated fifteen years ago.

## Tammany Reform

*New York*

NEW YORK CITY'S Democratic Mayor William O'Dwyer started to move in on Tammany Hall last June with strange and wonderful talk about virtue and civic responsibility. He wanted it cleaned up, divorced from the underworld. The old guard must go.

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Last week he had his way. Deprived of patronage, district leaders gave Tammany's Grand Sachem Edward V. Loughlin the boot. In moved O'Dwyer's choice, insurance man Frank J. Sampson, but not without some words of advice provided generously by one of the ousted old-timers. "I told him he's got a going concern . . . there's enough dough to last out the rest of the year," said Clarence Neal. "But I also told him he's going to be surrounded by the worst crowd in the world, and for him not to go out for a walk near a cliff with any of that crowd near him or they'll push him over."

## Not Guilty

*Louisiana*

A TRIAL which ended in Shreveport last week proved that eyewitness evidence gathered by the FBI was not enough to convince a Louisiana jury that someone deserved to be punished for beating a Negro.

On the evening of August 8, 1946, two young Negroes, Albert Harris Jr. and John C. Jones, were being held in Webster Parish jail in Minden, suspected—no charges were ever made—of loitering in the yard of a local white resident named Sam Maddry Jr. A few days earlier, Harris, who is 17, had been beaten and threatened with shooting unless he would say that Jones, an ex-Army corporal, had been in the same yard with intent to molest Maddry's wife, who was alone in the house.

At eight-thirty Maddry Sr. came to the jail, where Harris heard him say to Deputy Sheriff O. H. Haynes Jr.: "Let us have them and we'll make them talk." The two young Negroes were led to the courtyard, where a mob was waiting. They were hustled into separate cars and taken to a place near Dorcheat Bayou, about three miles from Minden.

There, Harris said, he was stripped and beaten until he lost consciousness. When he awoke he heard Jones groaning. The ex-corporal asked for water, which Harris brought him in a shoe. A few minutes later Jones died. A blowtorch had been used on his body.

More than half a million members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People contributed to a fund which made possible a dramatic rescue of Harris from Minden. He was hidden in northern Michigan while FBI agents completed an investigation of the beatings. They corroborated Harris' charges from other eyewitnesses, including an extra beating given Harris in jail by Haynes.

An all-white jury in the Shreveport District Federal Court listened to the evidence that the five defendants named by Harris, including Haynes and another deputy sheriff, had conspired to deprive the Negroes of their civil rights under the Constitution. The defense based its case on the contention that the FBI used threats and intimidation. Attorneys for the accused whined that the whole case "has been engineered by minority elements in the East." The verdict, after less than two hours' deliberation: "Not guilty."

## Paper Data

*Press*

A SENATE small-business subcommittee investigating the newsprint shortage heard testimony last week that bad weather in Canada and freight-car shortages were not the only limits on the paper supply of small publishers.

Philip M. Hauser, of the Department of Commerce, flatly blamed the big-time publishing houses for the present tight situation. He reported that considerable ownership or financial interest by the large newspapers in newsprint mills in this country and Canada is freezing out the smaller publisher accustomed to buying in the open market.

Other witnesses pointed out that while the "contract" price of newsprint is $84 a ton, small publishers have been paying up to $250. Thomas B. Wright, chairman of the CIO newsprint committee, testified that 90 percent of the newsprint is sold direct to large users on contract, while jobbers from whom the small publisher must buy are held to 1945 levels. His own paper, the *Union News*, the organ of the electrical workers, faces possible suspension because of a lack of newsprint.

The Reverend John S. Randall of Rochester, New York, speaking for all American Catholic publications, asked for a fair share of the limited newsprint under a system of "equitable distribution." He forecast government regulation if large publishers cling to monopoly rights. Father Randall said he had heard widespread reports of black-market operations.

The hearings left it clear that major publishing groups, who persuaded Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio)—of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* Tafts—to quash a scheduled full-dress hearing on newsprint and newspaper monopoly (the *New Republic*, January 20), are faced with an outcry from their lesser colleagues for the wherewithal to print freely.

*Editor and Publisher*, cautious organ of the newspaper trade, carried a full-page advertisement, paid for by an unnamed publisher "who seriously needs more newsprint" and evidently feels that the current squeeze by the better-heeled operators may have a bad effect even on those with sources of "contract" newsprint. The ad, reproducing a a warning from ANPA (American Newspaper Publishers' Association), complained that some publishers have been heard to say that they can make money with $215-a-ton news-

## Lilienthal Vote

The painful five weeks of hearings on the nomination of David E. Lilienthal as chairman of the Atomic-Energy Commission finally came to an end with the expected Senate-committee endorsement by an eight-to-one vote. Senator John W. Bricker (R, Ohio) was the only one to vote against Lilienthal, thus standing by Taft and breaking with Vandenberg on the issue.

The fight was far from over. Implacable Senator Kenneth D. McKellar (D, Tenn.) had said that "there will be the damnedest fight on the Senate floor you have ever seen." There was no doubt that there would be.

Nominations of the other four men to the commission had been largely obscured by the Lilienthal uproar. W. W. Waymack, L. L. Straus and Dr. Robert Bacher were approved eight to nothing, with Senator Connally (D, Tex.) abstaining because, he said, he didn't know enough about them to vote. Sumner T. Pike, New England Republican, and Carroll Wilson, general manager of the commission, were approved six to two, with Bricker and Edwin C. Johnson (D, Colo.) voting against.

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print. ANPA, laying down its accustomed cudgel for freedom of the press, attached this significance to the trend: "Publishers paying these fantastic, spot-market newsprint prices are believed by many to be contributing to a situation that could bring about an increase in the present contract price of newsprint."

## Argentine Hospitality

*Labor*

THE American Federation of Labor had looked wistfully at Argentina in dreaming of an inter-American labor organization. Argentina's General Confederation of Labor, the oldest labor movement in Latin America, had seemed worthy of fellowship with the conservative oldster of US labor. Last September, the AFL gave cautious approval to seating Argentina's delegate at the Montreal conference of the International Labor Organization.

Returning the compliment, President Juan D. Peron expansively invited William Green's boys to see for themselves "a real picture" of Argentine trade-union conditions. This week, Peron's junket boomeranged. The AFL high command looked over a carefully documented 7,000-word report of the delegation's visit and flatly rejected any alliance: "No collaboration is possible. . . . It [the Confederation of Labor] is not an instrument of the workers but has become a political arm of the government."

The Argentine government was indicted for "wholly and completely dominating" the Confederation, for "ruthlessly eliminating" unions which wanted "to retain a measure of independence for the labor movement" and for bodily taking over ordinary trade-union functions.

In Buenos Aires, Peron made quick reply—the day before the report was made public: The charge of government influence was irrelevant, "since the government is merely the continuation of the working classes in Government House. They [the AFL], who never thought of the workers of this land while they were being exploited and cheated, are just now beginning to remember it."

In their three-week stay, the nine-man delegation found Peron's demands on his country's unions remarkably single-minded: to show active and open political support of him and his regime. The returns were high: luxurious hospitals and recreation centers for individual unions; juicy government jobs and expense allowances for union leaders; favorable decisions on grievances for good union members in the Department of Labor courts; and, not the least, the privilege of keeping a job and receiving the benefits of government decrees for higher wages, paid vacations, pensions and the like. For the rank-and-file union member, his gratitude had only to take the form of showing up for periodic loyalty rallies: "The workers are made to feel that their chief function is that of demonstrating gratitude for the humanitarianism . . . of President Peron. . . ."

Ungrateful unions, wanting to hold aloof from the handout paternalism, found their unions taken over by "federal intervenors." A favorite device was withholding the "Personeria Gremial," a government-issued certificate granting the union legal recognition. (The old-line Textile Workers, Hat Workers, Shoe Workers and Private Chauffeurs, all of whom had indicated some reluctance to join the government bandwagon, were deprived of the Personeria Gremial and suddenly found themselves confronted with rival puppet groups to which it had been accorded.)

The delegates, however, saw some hope in the toleration of a kind of "purgatory existence" for some trade unions, indicating that the government "finds it unfeasible or impossible at this time to remove all organized opposition . . . or drive it underground."

An incident early in its visit put the AFL delegation on guard. At a reception by the Department of Labor in the humid capital, the US men were invited to remove their coats. Next day their photographs, with coats off, appeared throughout the Argentine press as evidence of their support of Peron as number-one champion of the mass "descamisados," or "shirtless ones." The delegation noted wryly that its overwhelming welcome to the country contrasted with a send-off attended only by a minor clerk.

## Rumblings

*Republicans*

SIXTEEN freshmen Republican Senators began kicking at the traces. Led by Raymond Baldwin, the able former Governor of Connecticut, they demanded by letter last week that the GOP's congressional Big Four—Taft, Vandenberg, Wherry and White—let them in on party decisions and meet in regular caucus to discuss party position on major issues. One of the freshmen complained off the record that the Big Four had been treating them like "little boys."

The GOP big guns had not scored many hits. According to the latest Gallup Poll, the Republicans were once again the nation's second choice. If a presidential election were held now, Dr. Gallup said, it would be Democratic, 51 to 49 percent. Complaints were mounting over the Republican majority's sterile showing on Capitol Hill. To Republican National Chairman B. Carroll Reece's plea for more party "team play," independent-minded Wayne Morse (Ore.) caustically answered, "The Republican machine for which he speaks would take us back to the depression-causing economic policies of the Republican twenties."

Progressive Senator George Aiken (Vt.) attributed the Gallup Poll indication of a six-percent Republican popularity decline since November to "irresponsible party enunciations [which have] gotten back home and have not made a good impression." GOP popularity, Aiken said, "is going to be less and less until our leaders recognize that the people gave no mandate to enact . . . legislation to take away the gains made in the last 15 years."

"Insurgents" like Morse and Aiken might have been ignored. But Harlan Bushfield (S. D.) didn't like the way the show was being run either. And duPont, Pew, Mellon and McCormick dollars had all gone into putting him in the Senate.

Said Bushfield: "Republicans in Congress have only themselves to blame [for what the Gallup Poll had to show]. More than two months have passed . . . and what has been accomplished? Practically nothing!"

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# Washington Wire

## *Off-Stage Thunder*

WORLD statesmen will have to get along without our help on the Greek crisis this week. It is, of course, the big story of the moment and the supreme test of Truman's leadership. We withhold our advice partly because we don't know all the facts and also, frankly, because we find the crisis a little baffling even for our omniscience. The trend here definitely is to move, reluctantly but decisively, into the power vacuum created by Britain's decline. Conditions, qualifications and objections are made, but that is the trend. It has been a curious fortnight, with very well informed persons in Washington knowing about the secret conferences but no formal statement from any official whatsoever save the mysterious Marshall warning that Greece is "on the verge of collapse" and that the crisis is so "transcendent" that an explanation can properly come "only from the President himself."

These are critical days, friends. We are moving toward some commitment in Greece, with untold consequences. Simultaneously, Gromyko, the Soviet delegate at the Security Council, has apparently slammed shut the last door to acceptance of the American plan for atomic-energy control. Furthermore, in Hungary the minority Communist Party seems to have begun a major effort to transform that nation into a Soviet puppet, prior to the departure of the Russians that is required when the satellite treaties are completed. The global news is gloomy. The world stage is being set for some great drama amidst off-stage thunder. Let this middle-of-the-road column lay down its credo now. It means to chart its course between the two catastrophic oversimplifications—on the one hand, that war with the Soviet is "inevitable"; on the other hand, that because everything is wrong in Georgia, then everything must be right in Russia.

America's three official prophets, the Council of Economic Advisers, aren't very happy in their basement quarters in the rococo State Department building. Economic affairs are going to pot. In their study, which Truman transformed into his economic report of January 8, they made two basic recommendations: that labor should forgo strikes (which it did); and that industry should cut prices (which it didn't). They took a mildly encouraging view, but warned that mass purchasing power is declining and declared flatly, "If prices and wage adjustments are not made, and made soon enough, there is danger that consumer buying will falter, orders to manufacturers will decline, production will drop and unemployment will grow." Well, since that was written, conditions have grown worse. Killing the OPA ended price control, and of course living costs bounced and are still going up.

Last week the able Bureau of Agricultural Economics made a flat prediction of a late 1947 business recession. Income payments to individuals, it forecast, in the second half of 1947 "may be eight to 12 percent below those of the first half." Phrases like that are the way economists tell each other to jump quick for the cyclone cellar.

The situation presents something of a crisis for the Economic Council. The theory is that the non-political council guides the nation to full employment by keeping its pulse on economic trends. Well, the pulse today is leaping erratically. If the crisis should come and the council hasn't said anything, it will be blamed; on the other hand, what can it say now that it hasn't said already—"that it would be unsound fiscal policy to reduce taxes," that corporate profits are very high, and that industry should either boost wages, or cut prices, or both (preferably the latter), and very fast? If the council says that again now it will be a target of attack from industry and corporate interests. Quite a problem.

Privately, it is now estimated that the gap between the public's over-all buying power in 1947 and the goods produced will be between $8 and $10 billion.

THE Republicans are in the process of taking a deep breath, trying to get hold of themselves and seeing if they can't get a second wind. It is too early to say that they won't. But so far it is hard to think of any mistake they have failed to make. Basically, their difficulty arises from taking a pre-election position so extreme and so rigid that now they cannot keep it in the light of fast-moving world developments and cannot break it without losing face. They must balance the budget, cut national debt and at the same time reduce taxes by that preposterous "20-percent flat cut." They must solve the labor problem by increasing government controls, while elsewhere trying to prove that government controls are the wicked invention of That Man. And so on.

On international affairs they are divided, with Vandenberg and Taft split on tariffs, the new Greek issue coming up, and the GOP wildmen trying to offer the atomic bomb as a new Maginot Line. There is also their isolationist minority. On March 3 Harold Knutson (R, Minn.), as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee the most powerful figure in Congress on fiscal matters, publicly proclaimed on the House floor that the US was not led into World War II but "dragged in," and no party official then or since has protested.

Now even the 16 GOP freshmen Senators are alarmed. The bankrupt leadership is best revealed in the Lilienthal issue, where Taft put his party behind the banner of McKellar (D, Tenn.). Under our governmental setup responsibility was already split between Truman and Republicans, but now the Republicans are themselves split. Can such a system meet a world crisis?

*Washington* T. R. B.

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# Henry Wallace

## The Way to Help Greece

THE PROPOSED LOAN to Greece of $250 million or more presents to the American people a problem of the very highest importance. If the British go through with their plan to withdraw their support on March 31, and the United States does not come to the rescue, Greece will sink into even greater starvation and despair than now afflict her. If the loan is made merely as a continuation of British policy, it will mean that the United States is underwriting the British Empire. It might easily seem to Russia a continuation of a policy of encirclement that is wholly opposed to the idea of peaceful coöperation, and especially coöperation through the United Nations. And it might produce a demand for further, and indeed almost endless, commitments not only in Greece but in many other countries as well.

As Secretary of Commerce, I did all I could to get a loan for Greece last August. The State Department, the Export-Import Bank and the Treasury did not believe in the loan for Greece at that time. They took into account political considerations, and no doubt they were correct in their hesitancy. I know my own feeling was that the Greek people were in trouble and could be helped by self-liquidating projects which would raise their standard of living.

I am convinced that the United States Government would be making a serious mistake to lend any money whatsoever to Greece simply for the chief purpose of maintaining British rule there. Nor should we lend money to Greece to maintain her present government on the theory that if it falls, the Communists will take over. Ordinarily I am against political loans of all kinds. But the misery in Greece is so great that aid to her people is the first concern. The United States must help. It must help the Greek people because they were among the first and the bravest in a fight which was also ours. The United States must give funds to Greece for food and other economic needs.

But our obligation goes much farther than the mere giving of money. There is the further responsibility of seeing to it that the money we give is spent on the things for which we give it. For these purposes and for the purposes of democracy and peace there are several prerequisites.

The terrorism of the present Greek government has been worse than that of Argentina. It has been so repressive that a new and broader government is a first condition of the loan. Secretary Marshall hinted at the need for this in his statement of February 14. He wants Greece to do exactly what he asked China to do. He wants the people to be represented in the government and he wants governmental oppression to cease.

As a prerequisite to the loan, amnesty should be granted to all political opponents, and the different parties, including the EAM, should be represented in a coalition cabinet in proportion to their size. According to the best information available, the EAM does not represent more than 35 percent of the total population, and less than 20 percent of its membership is Communist. They are Communists largely because of extreme misery and have little ideological knowledge of what communism is. Nevertheless, if there is to be real peace in the Balkans, the EAM must have fair representation in the cabinet. The coalition cabinet should be continued until misery, hatred and tension have lessened sufficiently to permit a free election and the return to party government.

Another sensible prerequisite to a loan to Greece was suggested to me last August by one of the people connected with the Export-Import Bank. This had to do with the Greek system of taxation, which at present discriminates against the poor in favor of the wealthy. It is part of the general maladministration by the present regime. The United States should not be expected to loan money to a government which has not done an efficient job of cleaning itself up. The loopholes for graft, including the possibility of speculation in foreign exchange and the export of capital, should be stopped.

FINALLY, I don't think we ought to make a loan to Greece unless we know the proceeds will be spent as part of an over-all program of rehabilitation and reconstruction. This means technical aid, economic guidance and laying the foundations for a self-supporting and democratic Greece. It means that we must have an economic mission in Greece to watch over the spending of the money; we must, whether we like it or not, give political and economic guidance to the Greek people.

I am sure that the American people, even in their present state of excessive fear of Russia, will never sanc-

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tion a loan to Greece or any other country for the sake of maintaining a Royalist-manned army designed to oppress people whose crime is that they are living in utter want and don't like it and believe that something ought to be done about it.

Greece, the mother of modern civilization, is one of the most poverty-stricken countries in all Europe. Smaller than the state of Iowa, she has far less good land than Iowa. Her average farmer produces less than one-tenth as much as the average Iowa farmer. She needs to learn the science of fertilizing, crop rotation and control of animal disease. She needs modern agricultural machinery. Modern industry can be started in the cities. Dams could be built to develop the power possibilities of the rivers. But Greece cannot do this alone.

I don't believe in American imperialism, but as a stop-gap I believe that it is enlightened selfishness for the United States to step in now with a well planned, efficiently administered loan. If there were some practical, efficient way to have the British and the Russians join us in the administration of the loan, I would be for it. But clearly it would be impossible to put a loan so supervised through Congress. Theoretically, I would prefer a loan made to Greece by the International Bank for Reconstruction, but the inaction of the bank so far, the confusion arising from its present reorganization and the conservatism of its leadership all indicate to me that the bank today is incapable of helping the Greek people in their immediate crisis.

THE Greek need is a world need and the Greek problem is a world problem. The disintegration and chaos of Greece are a menace to the world and therefore the responsibility of the United Nations. The welfare of the Greek people demands that we make the loan. The safety of all peoples demands that we take the initiative in bringing the Greek issue before the UN.

It is our duty to raise this issue without delay before the Security Council. It is our duty to say: This is not an American problem. We are ready to give our help now in the interest of world peace, but we cannot meet the needs of Greece again and again. This is the UN's job, and only in so far as we are a member of the UN family is it America's job. The UN must mend the Greek economy. The UN must mend the Greek political machinery. The UN must assure the Greek people of the protection of their liberties. The UN must do what needs to be done to solve the Greek problem within a permanent framework of world security so as to guarantee the welfare of all the peoples of Europe.

Very clearly there is considerable danger that American intervention in Greece will lead to further Soviet action in Southeastern Europe and to protests before the Security Council by Yugoslavia and other nations. The extent of this danger depends entirely upon the way in which our loan is used. If it is to be a first instalment in a series of loans to Turkey and other countries, designed to fortify outposts against the USSR, then we may well split the United Nations. When the debate on the loan begins, I trust that no statements will be made on the floor of Congress inciting fear and hatred of the USSR and justifying this loan in terms of economic and political warfare. The entire policy of containing the USSR within its borders by propping up reactionary regimes is bound to end in failure, in Germany, China, Japan, Greece and anywhere else this policy is attempted. At a time of bitter suffering and rapid social change, no amount of American economic aid can prevent world-wide progress toward economic and social democracy and the desire to be free of foreign oppression.

To support troops and maintain unrepresentative regimes in buffer states would necessitate an unending amount of American money. This expenditure can accomplish no useful purpose. And within two or three years the American people, paying heavy taxes out of a reduced income, will become utterly disgusted with a program which finds a solution only in war.

IT IS not only the bankruptcy of the Greek nation that is at issue. The US has now become the receiver for its own inadequate postwar foreign policy. If a vacuum now exists in the Mediterranean, it is because there was nothing in the nature of our policy to fill that vacuum. A vacuum can only be filled by positive and constructive action. Up to now our policy has been negative and piecemeal.

We have been timid when we needed to be bold. We have been static when we needed to be mobile. By supporting corrupt and backward-looking regimes in China and Greece, we defaulted on our moral position before the world. But that policy has now been exposed as a cynical failure in attaining even the doubtful end of surrounding the Soviet Union with a system of defensive bulwarks. At this crucial juncture the US is bulwarked neither in spirit nor in fact.

When Secretary Marshall was appointed I wrote him that I hoped he would find a way to rekindle the hope among the peoples of the world that the US was not resisting change merely to preserve the status quo. This hope can be justified by intervention in Greece that is decisive and in behalf of democracy and the principles of the United Nations Charter. We want balance and real peace, based on wholehearted agreement, not a continuous battle over propaganda and political loans, which will break out first in one country and then in another, until the noise of national economies exploding will sound like a bunch of firecrackers going off.

H. W.

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# Cradle of the Bomb

by Alden Stevens

*Security officers had to pretend that Los Alamos, New Mexico, didn't exist and that nothing happened there if it did*

POST OFFICE BOX 1663, Santa Fe, New Mexico, measuring six by 11 by 16 inches, is probably the world's smallest maternity ward. For two years it not only registered the birth of a human child every two days; something greater than any of those children was born here—a new world. Box 1663 is the address of Los Alamos, New Mexico, the town that invented and is the sole manufacturer of the atomic bomb.

The town began when the Army bought the exclusive Los Alamos Ranch School in late 1942, gave the faculty six weeks to finish the year's term, have a final session of cowboy songs around a campfire and clear out. By June, 1943, Los Alamos was a fully equipped nuclear-physics laboratory and a community almost as unique as the atomic bomb itself.

The location was chosen not for convenience but for remoteness. It is on the 7,000-foot Pajarito (Spanish for "little bird") Plateau, with the tall Jemez Mountains behind it and the deep White Rock Canyon of the Rio Grande in front of it. Eighteen miles south is the sleepy Spanish-American town of Española and 42 miles away by road lies Santa Fe. It is reached by a steep shelf-road winding up a cliff of soft, porous volcanic tuff riddled with cliff dwellings and dotted with arrowheads and potsherds.

*Alden Stevens, author and free-lance writer, was with the OFF before the war and worked until the end of 1945 with the Air Transport Command on briefing films.*

The Army built the physical plant, which is both a military post and a civilian town, but the technical work is carried on under contract by the University of California, which contributed, among other scientists, the impresario and first director, Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer. Major General Leslie R. Groves, head of the Manhattan Engineer District, was faced here with an organizational problem without a precedent. (Groves had Oak Ridge as well, but Los Alamos felt this was merely the tail of the dog. They only made the stuff that went off.)

There had never been such a place before. No one knew how big the community would be, no one knew how long the job would take. No one knew exactly what equipment might be needed. One scientist remarked, "The procurement people would pass anything that sounded scientific on the chance that it might be important. You could telephone and say, 'Send a cyclotron,' which might cost a million dollars, but if you asked for a dozen lead pencils or a new sidewalk to keep your feet dry walking to the plant, they'd say, 'What happened to the pencils you got last week?' or 'Why can't you wear rubbers?' " And on top of all this was the fact that no one knew whether the bomb could ever be made to work. In fact, before the Trinity, New Mexico, test of July 16, 1945, the scientists made bets on how much energy would be developed and some of the guesses were zero. One acid character suggested that if the bomb didn't work—and he doubted if it would—the number of ergs developed by the congressional investigation to find why the Army had spent $2 billion on such a crackpot project would blow the whole town into the Pacific Ocean.

Then there was the troublesome problem of keeping the whole thing completely secret. Not only was there no public-relations officer on the post (very unusual in the Army), but the security officers worked night and day pretending there was no such place, or if there was, nothing was going on there, or if something was going on it was just a routine operation. From the beginning their work was made difficult by the fact that a great deal of local labor was brought in on the original construction. Owl-eyed workers would tell of walking to the job between high board fences, and of MP's at every intersection, calling monotonously, "Keep moving, look straight ahead." And sharp-eyed Indians of Santa Clara and San Ildefonso pueblos couldn't fail to notice the Army trucks streaming past their villages.

### *Language difficulties*

OTHER than locally, however, the secret was well kept. One regulation contributing to this nearly perfect hush-hush forbade project workers to tell correspondents that their mail was being censored, although both incoming and outgoing letters were read. A few relatives were permitted to receive cards informing them of the censorship, which had to be signed and returned direct to the security office. The only languages permitted this cosmopolitan group of world scientists were English, French, German and Italian, which sometimes resulted in amusing difficulties. The wife of a Los Alamos Danish scientist got a letter written in Danish from her sister after that country's liberation. She replied in English, asking her sister to use it also, since "it would be faster that way." (She had to use one of the four permissible languages, but was not allowed to say *why*.) Her sister's answer, in a very haphazard imitation of English, was to the effect that it might be quicker in some ways, but it was certainly a lot slower for her. The censor noted on this letter, "Tell her to use Danish; I haven't had a chance to

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read it in a long time, and besides, it's easier to translate than her English."

In this most advanced laboratory of the most advanced science on earth, houses had no telephones. All outgoing calls were made from one of three booths, and only English was permitted, a real hardship to some foreign-born scientists and to the Spanish American laborers. If a speaker's voice trailed off a little, the censor would testily cut in with "Speak louder, please!" thus giving himself and the whole censorship away to the outsider who wasn't supposed to know the call was being overheard.

Since any smart spy with a list of project workers' names would know what was probably going on, it was vital to prevent this information from getting out. Residents were forbidden to open bank accounts in New Mexico. (There was no bank on the project.) A couple of scientists, picked up by state police for a minor traffic violation which they denied, were nevertheless taken in by the officers because they carried what looked like phony licenses. The cards bore no names. Instead, there was a cryptic "No. 245, Special List B." In the signature space was typed, "No signature required." The officers were straightened out at headquarters, but it was a ticklish moment. Fishing and hunting licenses read the same way.

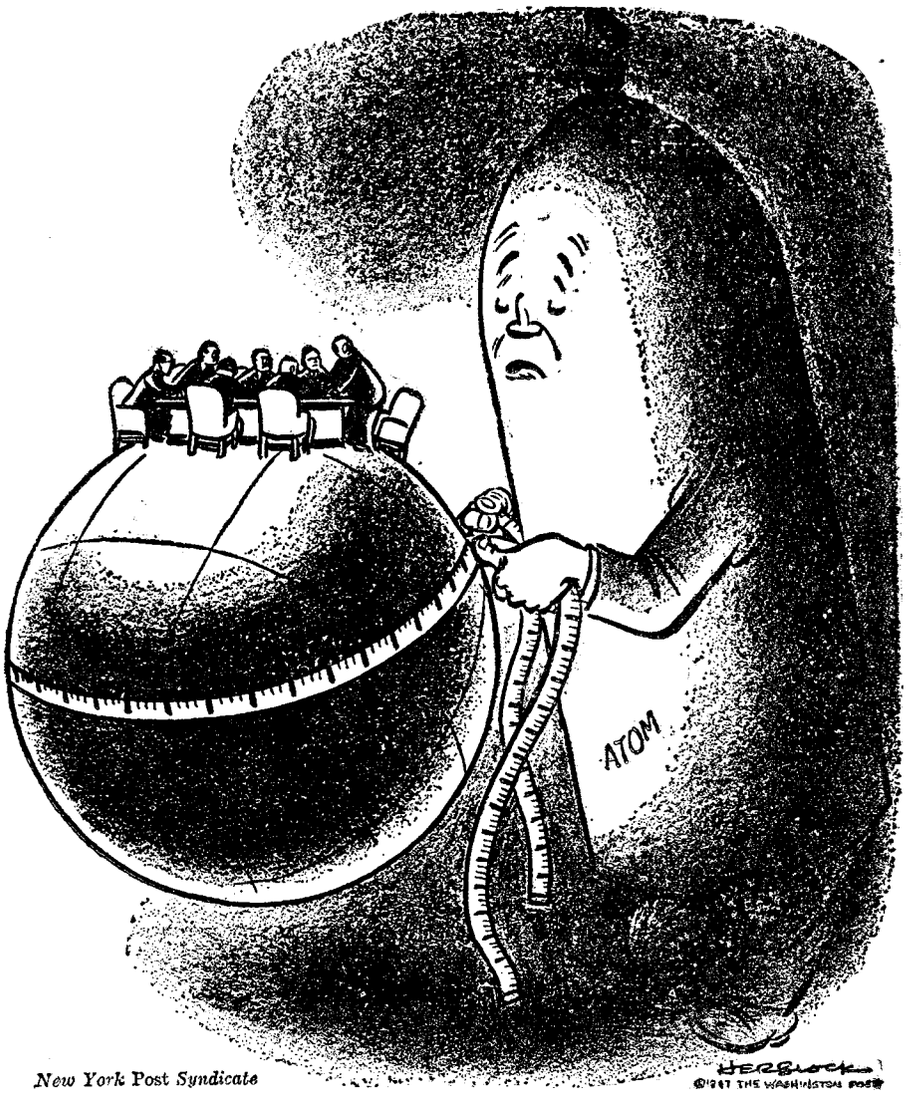
### *Men without a country*

THESE special arrangements with the state of New Mexico, so smooth-working until Hiroshima, got rough after public announcement of the town's existence when the state-income-tax-paying Los Alamosans were not allowed to vote because they were "non-residents, living on federal land." Anyway, state officials pointed out, there was no such town in the Post Office directory, and if there was such a place at all, it was not in Santa Fe County, as their P. O. box indicated, but in Sandoval County. Perhaps the county Democratic machine wasn't sure it liked the idea of 3,000 new voters—a sizable number in New Mexico—when no one knew how they'd vote. This confusion about actual residence may cast doubt on the legality of a number of divorces obtained by members of the project.

In the preliminary briefing given prospective residents they were warned that their travels would be limited to a trapezium-shaped area including Taos, Santa Fe and Albuquerque. Los Alamos workers were an exceptionally urbane, well traveled lot of people, and Santa Fe was a special problem because it, too, is a center for urbane people and sooner or later project workers were bound to meet traveling friends. They did, frequently, and it caused some strained relationships. Most of the scientists had disappeared rather mysteriously from their homes (in Berkeley, California, for instance, there was a rumor that Dr. Oppenheimer had been arrested as a German spy), and the Army regulation requiring a cool nod and nothing more left old acquaintances sputtering with indignation at what they took to be a direct snub. In one of the most convivial towns in the country there was to be no conviviality.

When a man had to take a business trip for the project to New York, Chicago or San Francisco, he was under strict orders to let no one know he was in town. This came close to breaking up some previously happy families. But the regulations concerning employees' children at boarding school was worse. Once children entered such a school, they could not return to Los Alamos, and if they were at school when their parents joined the project, they had to remain away.

Some people thought this was going too far, since fewer than 300 people had any idea of what was being made at Los Alamos. Even the hundreds of top-notch tool-and-die makers and pre-




*New York Post Syndicate*

"DON'T MIND ME—JUST GO RIGHT ON TALKING"

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cision-instrument makers plucked from industry and flown in, didn't know what they were working on; or if they suspected, they kept quiet. The one exception was a machinist helping to assemble something vaguely described as a new type of "milling machine." "You can't fool me," this indiscreet sharpie shouted. "That's no milling machine. That's a cyclotron." He was whisked into the security office, and, it is said, was never heard of again.

Nowhere on any road was a sign pointing the way to Los Alamos. The name of the boys' school was blanked off a number of maps in general circulation. For aircraft it was of course a restricted area.

There were a few imperfections in the security curtain. Shopping facilities were meager and Santa Fe was hard to reach; so Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward were both flooded with orders for all manner of things to be sent to Box 1663, Santa Fe, New Mexico. If anyone working for one of these firms had listed the names receiving mail at this address, he might have been able to guess what was going on there. Apparently, no one did.

### *Through the iron curtain*

THE security routine was still tough when, as the first journalist visitor, I was admitted to the project several months ago. It took ten days of telegraphing, telephoning, airmailing, clearing and lecturing before the little cubicle in Santa Fe marked simply "U. S. Engineer Office No. 3" gave me a pass and let me drive up to the gate, where the MP's examined every part of my car down to the pistons. Once in, I was on my own except for the heavily guarded technical areas.

I first met George Challis, a lanky newspaperman who edits the weekly Los Alamos *Times*, and E. J. Demson, assistant director of the project. Later I had dinner with several members of the Association of Los Alamos Scientists (average age of members: under 30). At Los Alamos most of the scientists were for the first time involved in governing a town (through the town council, elected every six months, advisory powers only) and in the concrete work of solving such problems as sewage disposal, fire protection, schools, paving, sidewalks, housing and planning. The complete absence of two common governmental problems contributed much to Los Alamos' unique quality; there has been no serious crime and there is no relief or unemployment problem.

I drove around the narrow blacktop and gravel roads, twisting between tall pines, dodging up and down steep canyon walls, barely escaping charging trucks and jeeps, and looked over the community as a town. It was obviously completely unplanned. Even Dr. Oppenheimer had originally thought 300 people would be enough to do the job. "Oppy's worst error," a scientist claimed. The population doubled, trebled, quadrupled, and then did it all over again, making every estimate out of date before it could be acted on. At one point it reached 12,000, then eased off to 7,000 as construction workers left. When I was there it was down to 6,000.

### *Emergency housing program*

THE Army had to get housing quickly. It got what it could where it could, and set it up in the easiest place on the mesa. The school had only ten log buildings, which were immediately occupied and called "bathtub row," because showers were the only bathing facilities elsewhere. A large number of dark green, shabby-looking four-apartment buildings, surprisingly pleasant inside, were put up. Then they got hutments with low, pyramidal roofs, "Hanford (prefab) houses," Pacific huts (a variation of Quonset huts), frame barracks for single men and women and Army personnel, and a bewildering variety of trailers, many of them privately owned. There wasn't a permanent house on the project. Furnaces were not suited either to the houses in which they were installed or to the low-grade soft coal used as fuel. New Mexico is dry country, and water-supply pipes from the mountains froze the first winter because the Army didn't bury them deep enough. Water was trucked up from the muddy Rio Grande, and was so heavily chlorinated that it faded all the clothes washed by housewives in the four "laundries" where rental washing machines were located.

The only grocery is an Army commissary, which looks like a large supermarket. All through the war this store had butter, soap, meat, pepper and paper towels. At about four in the afternoon when I was in it there were 120 people waiting to be checked through the cashier. The universal wartime waiting in line reached a good-natured zenith here. Everyone waited in line for everything—to get groceries, go to movies in the two theatres, get meals in the enormous cafeterias, get 3.2-percent beer at the service club and even occasionally at the nondescript drygoods, drug and hardware shop.

### *Home was never like this*

LOS ALAMOSANS had little need for hardware. They didn't have to buy a washer for the faucet or a new hook for the screen door because all that was taken care of by the Army, and later by something called the "Zia (Tsee'a) Corporation," a service contractor. If you needed a new refrigerator or your furnace was smoking, you just called Zia and the man was around almost before you hung up. Zia brought coal and wood, picked up the garbage and furnished maid service. There were no private servants; a corps of houseworkers were assigned by the hour on a basis of need, with priority given to working mothers with children and in emergency situations. The nursery school was established in the beginning because important physicists apparently have a tendency to marry Ph.D.'s in physics, or at any rate, women very accomplished in some field, and the Army wanted these able wives to work in order to reduce the number of non-productive residents.

The project went to extreme lengths to avoid having its people get medical treatment outside, for fear of security breaks. A complete Army hospital was set up which charged $1 a day for food. Minor treatment was free.

The maid corps, recruited from surrounding Spanish-American towns, went home by bus each night, but Wacs were persuaded to do baby-sitting in the evenings by being allowed to entertain friends—difficult in a barracks. One family returned late at night to find a three-table bridge party going on.

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In what spare time there was (the laboratory worked seven days a week until the bomb test at Trinity), Los Alamosans made their own recreational opportunities. There was bridge, golf, movies and a chess club. There was hunting and fishing (an Englishman named Tuck tried to catch bears by baiting them with honey), and much horseback riding and hiking through the pine forests inhabited by coyotes, deer, wolves and bear, with lizards, scorpions, tarantulas and rattlesnakes in the valleys below. Softball was popular; two of the teams were the Atomic Dodgers and the Sad Sockers. There was a chorus of 40 and an orchestra of 24, and Handel's "Messiah" was presented at Christmas in 1944 and 1945. The first Christmas Eve (1943) someone commandeered an army truck and drove around singing carols. There were small chamber-music groups and a little-theatre group produced "Arsenic and Old Lace," with Fermi, Hans Bethe, Donald Flanders and Dr. Oppenheimer as corpses.

*One town; one team*

TODAY Los Alamos is becoming an established and normal town. It is getting a better water supply, 300 permanent residences and a new and shorter road to Santa Fe. The original dazzling assortment of Ph.D.'s and top-flight technicians (it is unquestionably the best educated town in the country) are returning to their universities and research institutions, and a new permanent staff is coming in. Los Alamos was, in spite of the restrictions, a very democratic place, with complete freedom for all residents within necessary security limits. The restrictions on movement and communications, in fact, served to cement the residents even more, and to encourage a kind of camaraderie which will probably last forever.

All the people who worked at Los Alamos know that they had a part in the work that led to the birth of a new world—and even for an atomic physicist this isn't something that happens every day. They know it was no man or group of men that changed the world: it was the entire town of Los Alamos.

# Homework for the Teacher

by Myron Emanuel

## *A Pennsylvania schoolmaster finds it takes more than professional dignity to support a family of ten on $40 a week*

EARL RAMP, a short, methodical and serious-looking man of 46, teaches American history to sixth and seventh-grade pupils in Shamokin, Pennsylvania's McKinley Annex elementary school. The 160 neat and well behaved pupils who are now learning from Ramp why Columbus came to America and the "economic factors which contributed to the Civil War," are children of families that work in and around Shamokin's coal mines. In recent years the 11 collieries that once bulged Shamokin's population to 50,000 have dwindled to one. This fact, Earl Ramp realizes, means that the only formal education in American history most of his pupils will receive must come from his lips and from those of a few high-school teachers—if his students go on to secondary school. Very few Shamokin families can afford to send their children to college.

Ramp is a devoted family man and feels very bad because he, too, cannot send any of his eight children to college. "I had a tough time getting through high school and an even tougher time getting through teachers' college," Ramp said recently. "I always hoped it would be easier for my kids. From the way things look now, what with high prices and my pay, the kids will be lucky if I can send them through high school."

Ramp and his wife, Cora, live in a plain but neat eight-room house with their four sons, four daughters and an eighteen-month-old granddaughter. Every room in the house, except the kitchen and parlor, has one or two beds, and Ramp refers to his upstairs bedrooms as the "dormitory." Cora is a thin, tense woman who is constantly running up and down stairs, cleaning house and watching the children. Two years ago, she collapsed from overwork and worry and the doctor ordered her to relax. "But," she complains, "how can I cut down when I have to clean house, shop and feed the family three times a day?" The three older children can take care of themselves, but the youngsters, who range from five to twelve, can "keep a dozen mothers busy," says Cora.

Earl Ramp makes $40 a week as a teacher. But Cora needs $45 a week for the family's food alone; her weekly medical treatment costs $5 more; and rent is $25 a month. Since coal costs Ramp $125 a year; water, $30; and electricity, $50, the Ramps, like the families of schoolteachers all over the country, are engaged in a desperate and losing battle to make ends meet. The two daughters who work contribute $14 a week to the home. Mrs. Ramp cooks three nights a week at the Moose clubhouse. Last year Ramp worked part time at the Moose clubhouse as evening doorman. Recently, the Moose board of directors decided that doorman was a full-time job and since Ramp did not want to quit teaching, he was dismissed, which means that he will lose $20 a week.

Three years ago, Ramp gave up the

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*Myron Emanuel has written in the past for* Newsweek *and* Life *magazines.*

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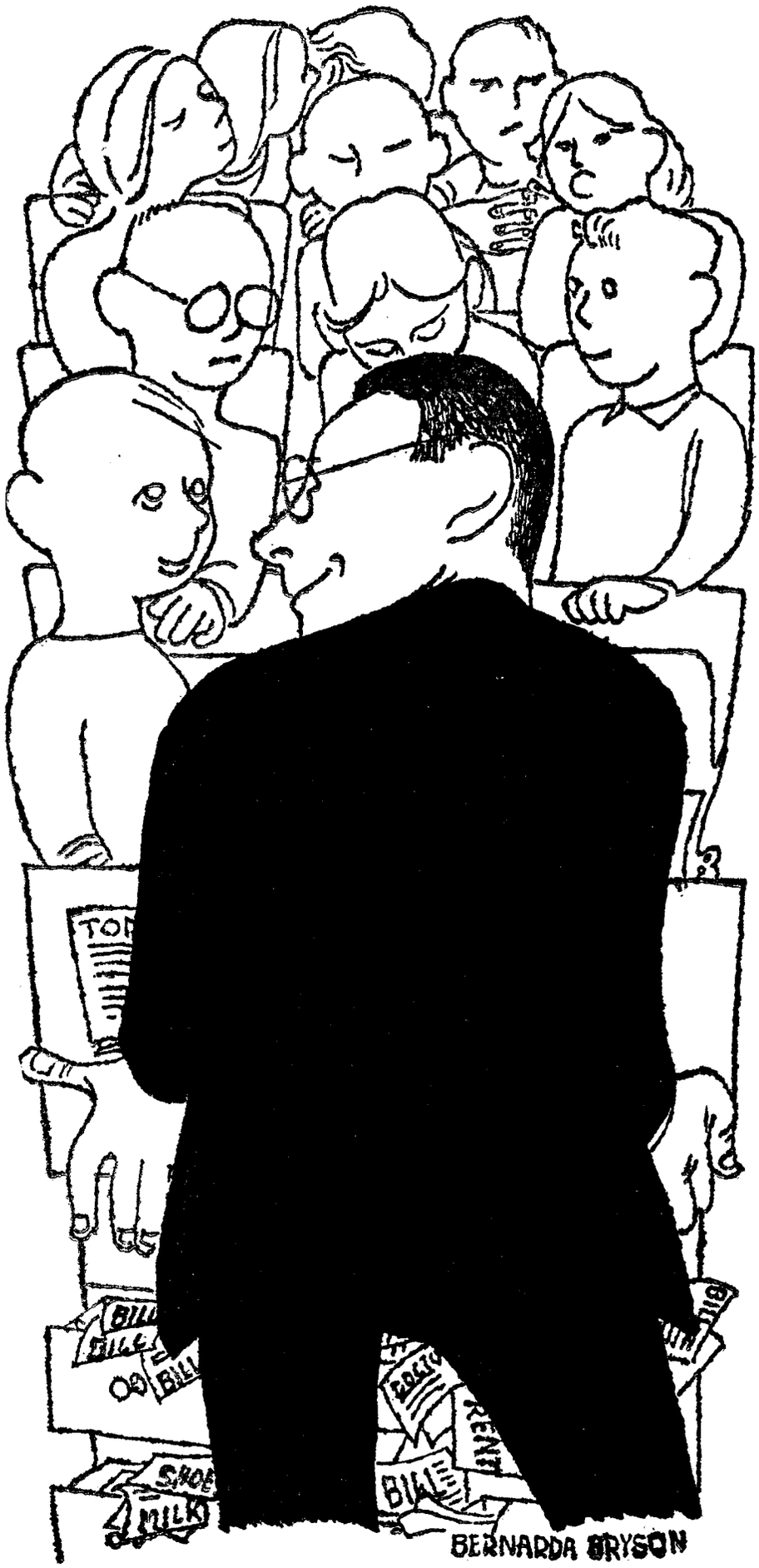


idea of trying to budget his income and expenses. "Now I just shell out the money for our eats," he says, "and anything left over goes for the doctor, our bills, clothes and the rest. Most of the time there isn't any money left after I pay for the food.

### *"Things were pretty good in '22"*

WHEN I first started teaching in 1922," Ramp recalls, "things were pretty good. Prices were low, there was only Cora and myself to feed and Cora was working in the silk mill." For three years after he was graduated from high school and before he started to teach, Ramp worked the night shift in a mill in Carbondale, Pennsylvania, weaving and spinning silk. The hours were long and the pay low. He decided to become a teacher when he discovered that a friend, who had been graduated from high school with him, was a teacher and getting along well at it.

"Figuring I was as smart as my friend," says Ramp, "I went along to the Uniontown, Pennsylvania, school superintendent and asked him for a job. The superintendent looked me over carefully and said there were no jobs open; but then he asked me if I knew any politicians. I saw which way the wind was blowing and went to see a politician friend of mine. The politician went to bat for me and got the superintendent and the school-board president on my side. They lined up two more votes and I became a teacher in the grade school. It didn't cost me a penny."

In 1922, when Ramp first started teaching American history, a high-school diploma was all that was required to teach grade school. But Ramp took his new job and his salary of $30.50 a week very seriously and studied at teachers' college during his summer vacations. It took him six summers to complete the two-year course at the Millerstown, Pennsylvania, Teachers' College and get his degree.

Six years and three daughters later he was transferred from Uniontown to Shamokin, where he has been ever since. His salary remained constant until 1931 when two successive pay cuts brought it down to $27 a week. For months at a

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time, during the depression years, the school board claimed there was no money in the treasury to pay the teachers, and Ramp went payless. Twice the unorganized Shamokin teachers had to strike for back pay. The school board always managed to find the money when this happened. Ramp's salary stayed at $27 for 11 years until the war raised it to $32.50. In 1943, it went up another $2. This year, a 35-day strike by Ramp and his colleagues won them a $5.50 raise.

### *Eking out a living*

"TEACHING never paid me enough to keep the family going," he says. "I've always had to keep looking for extra jobs." After he finished teachers' college, Ramp used his summer vacations to scrape up extra money. "Every summer, from 1926 until the depression, I worked as a helper on a moving van. I knew the owner of the van and he gave me $24 a week. That was $2 more than the driver got. My driver was sore about the salary difference but he couldn't do anything about it."

In the summer of 1941, when jobs became more abundant, Ramp became a road builder in northern Pennsylvania. By this time nearly all the teachers in Shamokin were having a hard time making ends meet and Ramp was accompanied by a group of 10 teacher friends. They averaged $42 a week. "I had to leave Cora and the kids at home," he says, "but that $42 sure came in handy."

The next summer, Ramp worked in Trenton, New Jersey, more than 100 miles from his home, as a mechanic in an airplane factory. He was paid $60 a week, which was enough to pay his Trenton living expenses and clear his debts for the year. He went to Wilmington, Delaware, in 1943, where he became a pipefitter in a local shipyard. He made $45 a week, which, according to Ramp, "was just enough to let me break even for the year." The following year, he went back to road-building. Since then, summer jobs have become scarcer and only a few fortunate teachers, like the principal of Ramp's school, who cuts hair in his spare time, can find work.

In his classroom, Earl Ramp hides his worries behind the classic mask of serenity and dignity that is part of a schoolteacher's standard equipment.

His forehead loses its furrows, and the household frown leaves his face. His alert eyes dart about the room when he calls his pupils to recite. Seated primly at his desk, which is located directly under a wrinkled and battered portrait of George Washington, he rarely moves except to make a brief notation on the blackboard behind him. He shuttles his classes through their lessons with a series of rapid-fire questions. Since his superintendent frowns on homework, Ramp's students are permitted to refer to their textbooks whenever they are questioned. Ramp singles out students for questioning by calling their names in a sharp, strident voice. If the answer is not quickly forthcoming, he calls the next person on a list he has before him.

Ramp teaches four seventh-grade classes in American history and one sixth-grade class. He likes the sixth-graders. "That sixth-grade class breaks the monotony of asking the same questions and getting the same anwers day after day from my seventh-graders," says Ramp. "Even so, it's still pretty monotonous." To liven things up, Ramp will, on occasion, halt his formal questioning in order to inquire about the health of some of his pupils' parents.

### *Teaching the hard way*

"CONSIDERING the difficulties," Ramp explains, "my students are doing fairly well." The difficulties, Ramp is quick to point out, are many. "My textbooks are outdated and not all the students have books. I have to teach the kids about the westward expansion, explorations and the Civil War without a single map to refer to."

Ramp is permanently in conflict with the parsimony of his school board. "Not only won't they provide the teachers in this school with a room where we can get a quick smoke or just sit around and talk between classes, but now they've got a new rule forbidding us to put on the electric lights until 'it is absolutely necessary.' That's a fine way to save money! When economy starts affecting children's eyes it stops being economy and becomes dangerous. And the American flag I have over my desk is filthy and torn and ready to be retired, but they won't replace it."

### *Shortsighted policy*

ON THE whole, Ramp has a poor opinion of his school board. He feels the members do not give as much thought to education as they do to seeing how much money they can save the taxpayers. "Have you ever heard of a school board," he sniffs, "where only one of its seven members ever finished high school? Well, that's the kind of board we have to work with here!"

Ramp would like to keep up with as many of the new trends in education as possible. He receives the Pennsylvania State Education Association Bulletin and reads it faithfully. He is a member of the CIO Teachers' Union and reads its journals when they arrive. Ramp makes no bones about the fact that a good teacher should study more and attend special seminars for members of the teaching profession. But he can spare neither the time nor the money for such activity. "Any spare time I get goes to working on the side or looking for work," he says.

This month, Ramp is riding high on the crest of student popularity. His pupils have always liked him and now are more devoted than ever. His added popularity stems from the great strike that the Coal Township school teachers have just won. On Thanksgiving Eve the teachers walked out and stayed out until well after New Year's Day. The result of the strike gave Ramp a $300 increase per year, a 75-minute lunch hour and recognition to his CIO union. To the pupils it gave the longest non-summer vacation in the history of Shamokin.

Although Ramp laughs at the solid backing the student body gave the teachers, he does not ignore it. He feels he may need their support and their parents' aid next year. He recognizes this need because only $100 of the $300 is a permanent increase and the other $200 will have to be renegotiated next year. "Besides," adds Ramp, "I don't know how much longer Cora can keep working at the Moose, and if anything goes wrong there I'll need a lot more money than I'm making now."

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# Spare That Tree

by Stephen G. Thompson

*Like the weather, everybody agrees on the need for forest conservation but nobody does anything about it*

DOWN in the southern-pine country, they tell the story of a farmer who owned a fair-sized wood lot.

A contractor approached him, seeking to buy wood for a paper and pulp mill, and offered the going price for part of the timber on the lot. The contractor agreed that he would cut only the trees that a good woodsman would remove and leave the stand in a healthy condition for future production.

For some time the farmer had vaguely realized that if he handled it properly and didn't sell off all the timber at once, his wood lot could be made to yield a steady income over the years, so he accepted the offer.

Some months later another contractor came by and said: "Heavens, man, you haven't taken out a fraction of what could have been cut. I'll give you a good price if you'll let me cut half of what you have left there—and you'll still have a fine young forest." So the farmer consented to another cut.

A short time thereafter a third contractor turned up. "Lord, man, what did they do to your timber?" he asked. "Whoever cut that didn't leave enough to do anybody any good. You might as well let me take off the rest!"

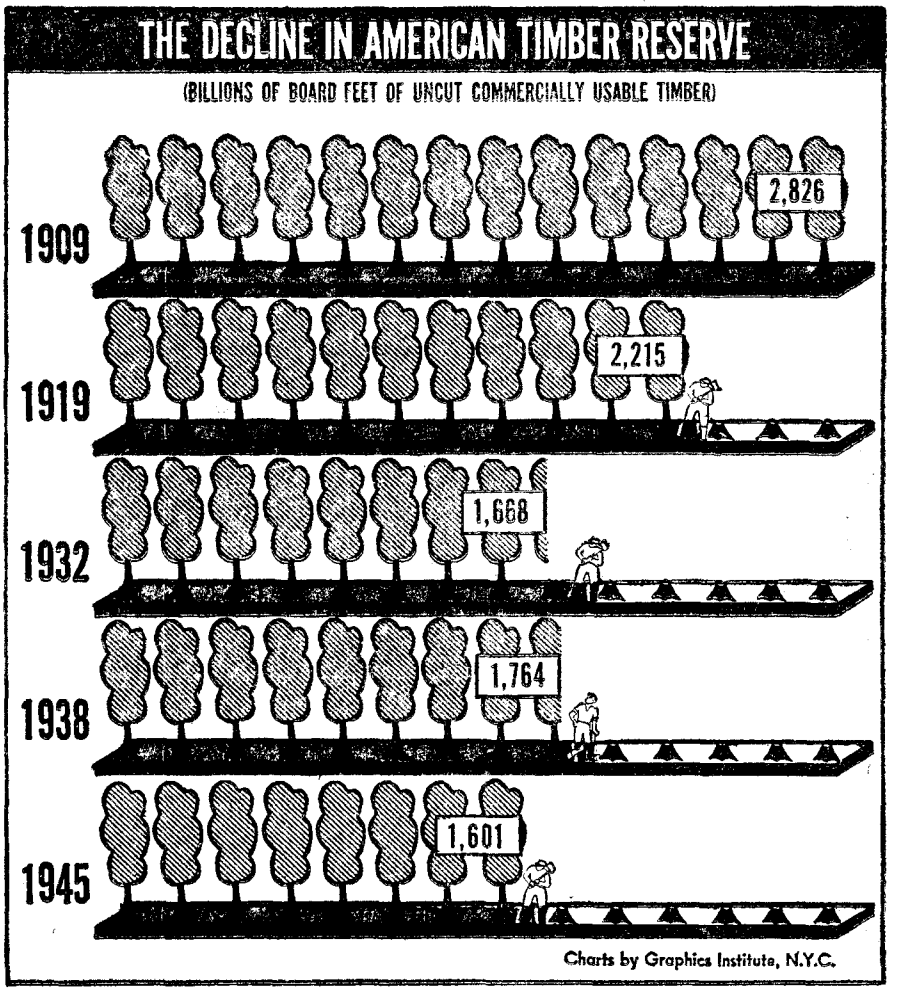
Pretty well confused but always able to use cash, the farmer reluctantly abandoned his foggy notion of continuous production and said, "All right, take it all." Today the wood lot looks as if it had been gone over by a clear-cutting Paul Bunyan of the 1890's, and will not possibly be able to produce timber for decades.

The nation's forests, as this farmer dimly realized when thinking of his wood lot, are one natural resource that can renew itself, and if handled wisely can yield an annual timber crop sufficient to meet all our wood requirements. Yet on a national scale much of this rich inheritance is still being destroyed.

So wanton and rapid is this destruction that it raises a major question of national policy: How great is the right of any group of private individuals to ruin their own property when that property is a critical national resource?

At the start of World War II, Great Britain did not have enough lumber to last for even two years. Timber was so vital that not one tree could be felled without government approval. The situation in the US is considerably less compelling than in Britain, but until the steady net loss of saw-timber capital is effectively checked, we are inexorably headed toward the same situation.

A century ago the United States was a land covered with timber. Four regions—Maine, Michigan, the Southern states and the Pacific Northwest—held seemingly inexhaustible pockets of valuable forests. Today the woods are full of old-time lumberjacks who recall skinning the virgin timber off millions of acres from Maine to Oregon. These acres are dotted with ghost towns, the




*Stephen G. Thompson has written extensively on forest and conservation problems for the New York* Herald Tribune, *of which he is an assistant editor.*

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*Woodcut by Clare Leighton* *Kennedy and Company*

remains of abandoned sawmills and the beds of vanished logging railroads.

Conservation has been one of the shibboleths of American public life for decades. Like "economy" and "national defense," every public figure is in favor of it. But from 1909, when we made our first comprehensive forest survey, to 1945 the nation, *despite new growth,* lost 44 percent of its saw-timber reserve. In the seven years between 1939 and 1945 we lost nine percent of our capital stock of standing saw timber—that is, of trees commercially or industrially usable. And the pressure for more cutting is growing.

### *We need more wood*

TODAY this long-developing crisis has been suddenly and startlingly accelerated by the shock of the vital postwar needs of the American economy. For some years the consumption of useful timber has exceeded new growth by more than 50 percent every year. Yet, against the steady loss of forest capital which this causes, the needs of our tremendous postwar housing program and the ever growing demands for paper and other forest products indicate that even huger volumes of wood must be cut before any possible leveling of demand can be expected.

A number of factors combine to accelerate the trend. The smaller the volume of remaining timber, the greater becomes the pressure exerted on it for destructive cutting. For one thing, prices go up, making it that much more tempting for an owner to cut or sell his trees. The wholesale price index for lumber, for example, rose from 90 to 250 from August, 1939, to January, 1947.

Another stimulant to ruthless cutting is the fact that it is less expensive for a commercial operator to strip one concentrated area of all its growth—as was the general custom in the woods up to a very few years ago—than to cut the same volume of wood by felling only scattered mature or defective trees.

Just like a seed flat full of young tomato plants or flower seedlings, trees need to be thinned out to grow most effectively. Trees grow mostly through the sunshine their leaves receive. Proper thinning of an overcrowded stand can increase the rate of growth.

But this kind of cutting means building roads into the interior of forests and hauling the fallen trees greater distances. That, of course, causes additional expense, and from a short-range, cost-production viewpoint it is cheaper to hack away at the perimeter of a forest and clear-cut it section by section.

Almost anyone can see that the latter course is shortsighted. But what would you do if you were a mill operator, or a forest-owning pulp or lumber producer, and your competitors were able to undersell you because they were clear-cutting? Or because they were using trees purchased by persuasive agents like the men who talked the slightly bewildered southern-pine-country farmer into selling every tree on his wood lot.

Good management and sustained-yield harvesting give a smaller return at first, but over the long pull pay much more handsomely and continuously. However, small owners tend to think in terms of the short pull—they think in terms of current high prices, of a mortgage to be lifted, a car to be bought. A tidy lump sum of immediate cash from an operator who would strip or

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seriously overcut the stand is much more persuasive than the "educational" campaigns of the past half-century.

Some of the large corporations which own tremendous timber tracts and have to look far into the future realize that they must manage their holdings properly to assure future supplies. On some of their private tracts model cutting practice prevails. But corporate and other large holdings represent only 15 percent of the total commercial forest acreage in private ownership. Eighty-five percent is in medium-sized or small holdings, including 40 percent on farms.

"For all private forest land, cutting practice on 64 percent is classed as poor to destructive," according to Lyle F. Watts, Chief of the United States Forest Service, in an annual report released in January. "Twenty-eight percent rates as fair; seven percent as good. Only one percent is classed as of a high order."

### *Federal v. state control*

WHAT is our general timber situation today, and what are the prospects for the future?

Today, despite all new growth, we have roughly half the saw timber available that stood at the beginning of the century. Our standing saw-timber reserve in 1909 was 2,800 billion board feet, and in 1945 it was 1,600 billion board feet. We are cutting 50 percent more saw timber each year than is growing to maturity. In 1945 we drained our forests of almost 54 billion feet of wood (49.7 by cutting, 4.2 by fire, insect and disease damage). New growth was only 35.3 billion feet. For the future, our potential requirements are estimated to be about 61 billion feet a year, but little is being done to double the growth rate.

Two groups stand ranged against each other in the struggle for the management of our forests. One is the lumber industry; the other consists of the various conservation groups and the Forest Service of the government. The Forest Service stands for federal regulation of cutting practice; the industry for state regulation and voluntary self-discipline.

According to industry, needed controls should be developed state by state as local conditions and forest practices require. Industry claims that popular feeling would not support federal regulation, ignoring the record of state legislatures, which generally hesitate to hamper any of their industries in relation to competitors in other states. If anything, state legislatures try to improve the advantages of home-state industries. Moreover, it is impossible to guess how long it will take a score of legislatures to enact the necessary laws, each one waiting on the action of the other.

The forest industry's position is a rather curious one. Last summer a survey, financed largely by the industry, arrived at the conclusion that forest cutting would have to be reduced to 44 billion feet a year for the next ten years to allow the national forests to recover their health. The same survey agreed with the government figures that in 1945 we cut almost 54 billion feet and in the future we shall cut more.

The director of the Appraisal Survey, John B. Woods, was questioned about the report:

How could cutting be "restricted" to 44 billion feet a year? Woods did not know how it could be "restricted," except by "voluntary action on the part of the producers."

How could that be achieved? Woods said he didn't see any method "in the cards."

Then what will happen to our forests if present conditions continue, and heavy postwar housing and construction demands for lumber aggravate the situation for a good number of years to come? If the producers don't work out some effective solution, said Woods, they appear likely "to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

### *Industry propaganda*

IN THE face of this grim picture of the future that emerges from both conservation and industry sources, it is highly interesting to examine some of the publicity material that has come from industry in recent months.

In December, for example, the American Forest Products Industries, Inc., issued a popular Ripley type of cartoon showing in its top panel a fine stand of evergreens. Its theme elaborated briefly on the introductory caption—"AMERICA'S FORESTS ARE GROWING MORE WOOD TODAY THAN EVER BEFORE IN HISTORY." Entirely ignored was the fact that it is being consumed even faster.

Underneath the picture of the evergreens were two additional drawings: an automobile and a Navajo Indian.

The caption for the first pointed out that automobile tires have been made almost entirely of forest products—synthetic rubber made from wood-sugar alcohol, and cordage from rayon, a product of wood pulp. This presumably indicated growing, rather than diminishing, needs for timber in the future.

The complete caption for the Navajo was this: "VANISHING AMERICAN?—The Navajo Indians (largest tribe in America) 75 years ago numbered only 10,000. Today there are more than 45,000." The caption combined with the evergreen picture might lead an unsuspecting reader to suppose that our forests, like the Navajos, are staging a comeback, whereas actually their condition is steadily becoming more critical.

The latest Forest Service figures show that total "timber" growth in 1945 reached 13.3 billion cubic feet, compared with a drain of 13.6 billion cubic feet—a deficit of only 300 million cubic feet. These figures were seized upon by opponents of federal regulation to bolster optimistic statements that new growth is now almost equal to drain. By these figures apply to *all* timber, including species useless from a manu-

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facturing standpoint, and stands it would be economically or otherwise impractical to cut. It is only the figures for "saw timber," or useful trees, that have real significance.

Another theme constantly used by the forest industries is that trees are a crop and that the "Tree Farm" movement sponsored by the American Forest Products Industries, Inc., is meeting forestation needs. One optimistic industry statement declared: "'Tree Farms' are growing by leaps and bounds, and range in size anywhere from five to 700,000 acres. The American Forest Products Industries, Inc., reports close to 13 million acres of tree farms in 15 states, with other states lining up to join the movement."

The facts on tree farms, however, differ radically from the industry's rosy picture. Tree farms are not necessarily replanted areas—they are usually simply woodlands dedicated to good management. A "tree farm" could even consist of land covered entirely with virgin timber. And all the 13 million publicized tree-farm acres came to just three percent of the total commercial forest acreage in the US. Inquiry of the American Forest Products Industries officials in Washington last summer revealed that of the then 12 million acres in tree farms, only 50,000 had actually received planting treatment and 20,000 more still required planting. This came to a total of just about half of one percent of the total acreage in tree farms.

### *A federal law*

THE Forest Service's basic proposal is for federal regulation. For several years the Service waited for the separate states to enact measures that might effectively prevent destructive cutting—the course industry said it favored. A number of forest states did adopt regulation measures, but most of them lacked teeth, or provided only for voluntary compliance with approved forest-management practices. Widespread mismanagement and serious capital loss continued virtually unchecked, and in 1943 the Forest Service, for the first time, urged that Congress consider enacting a federal forestry statute—a law that would prohibit needlessly destructive cutting on private lands and promote reforestation and permanently productive management.

To counteract fears of federal bureaucracy and industry alarums about an army of federal tree inspectors in the woods, the Service recommended that the federal law operate through supplementary coöperative state laws. It proposed that the federal government pay half the expenses for the operation of state statutes that conformed to federally established minimum-cutting standards and approved forest-management practices—leaving it to the states to handle all their own administration and personal matters according to their own wishes. Only where a state failed to enact a coöperative law within a reasonable period of years should the federal government step in.

### *Looking ahead*

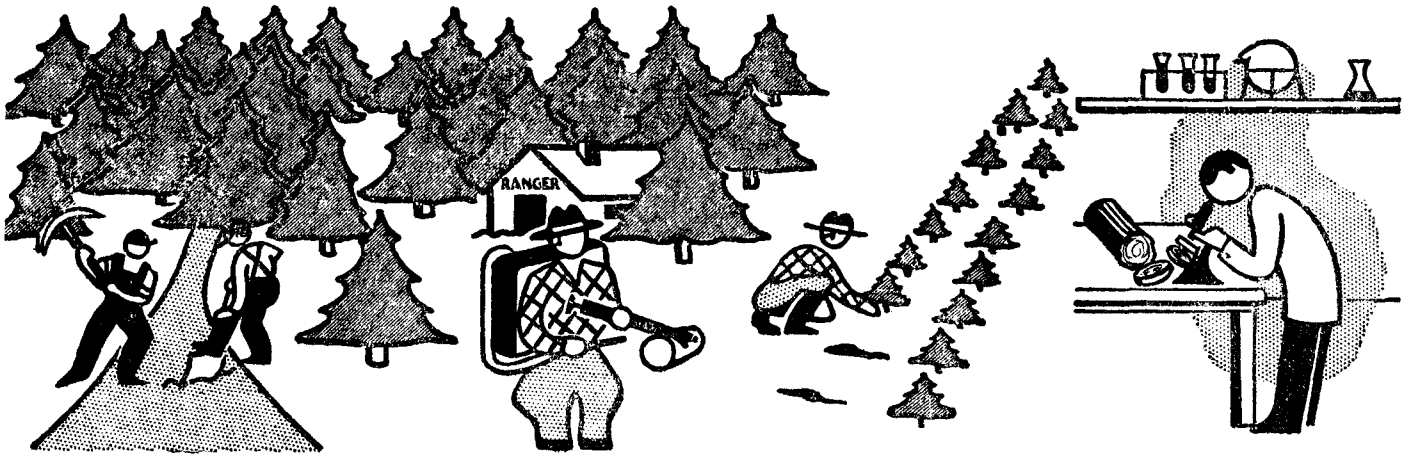
BUT such a statute would be only the beginning. It would have to be supplemented by extensive forest-rehabilitation and improvement measures on which both industry and conservationists are in complete agreement.

Federal and state programs to promote reforestation, they declare, must be pushed. According to the Forest Service, 75 million acres require planting, about 44 million acres of it on farms. To do the farm-planting job alone in the next 40 years would call for one billion seedlings a year, whereas in the record year of 1941 national seedling production reached only 100 million.

Public funds could be used to build more access roads into the interior of forests; fire-protection and disease and insect-damage-prevention programs can be strengthened; research programs for the more effective utilization of wood that is now wasted can be expanded.

The crisis is not one that has to be solved in the next 60 minutes or 60 days. But if it is not solved soon, the years of our forests are surely numbered.

## THOROUGH FEDERAL FOREST PROGRAM WOULD DO




**2** Build access roads to promote selective cutting

**3** Strenghten fire–disease–insect prevention program

**4** Promote reforestation

**5** Expand research program

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If the net long-term capital gain exceeds the net short-term capital loss, a taxpayer with surtax net income exceedin

(see computation of alternative tax on other side). The

alternative tax, if less than the normal tax and surtax com-

puted on page 3 of Form 1040, shall be his tax liability.

File this return with Collector of Internal Revenu
due (item 9, below) must be paid in full with re

FORM 1040 U. S. INDIVIDUAL

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before March 15, 1947. Any balance of tax
See separate instructions for filling out return.

Page 1

ME TAX RETURN

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EAR 1946

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# Report from Athens

by Constantine Poulos

MARCH 9 (by cable). – The description of the economic situation of Greece which the Greek government presented in its note appealing for US assistance is true. What the Greek government neglected to mention (and what the State Department in its magnanimous announcement apparently ignored) is that conditions are almost wholly its own fault.

With but brief exceptions, the same crowd of people has been governing Greece for the past two years. Their identification with privileged industrial banking and commercial circles—"vested interests" in the truest form—has been so close and tight that they cannot possibly take the measures necessary for economic or political stabilization of the country without committing suicide.

Since the liberation of Greece, over $850 million worth of goods (including UNRRA supplies) have been brought into the country. Yet Greece's economy is worse off today than before. Thanks to UNRRA, the food situation is an exception.

The government crowd has revealed a remarkable unwillingness and inability to proceed with the country's rehabilitation. It has refused to slap on an effective tax system and today is collecting only 10 percent of what it should, even under the extremely inequitable regressive system in operation.

Recently the United States turned over 100 Liberty ships to the Greek merchant service, the Greek government guaranteeing three-fourths of the purchase price. It was learned here last week that the government intends to place a pitiful 15-percent tax on the yearly net profit of each ship up to $100,000 and no tax on any profits over that figure. The US Maritime Commission conservatively estimates that these Liberty ships, operated under Greek sailing conditions, will net at least $200,000 a year for private owners.

*Luxuries encouraged*

THE regime has refused to clamp down on loose inflationary credit policies, which permit extension of credit to those who need it least, and has failed to check on the productive use of that credit. Last year the wool manufacturers forced the government to lower its prices on UNRRA raw stock by threatening to import raw wool. The manufacturers then borrowed from the National Bank of Greece (*i.e.*, the government) to pay the government, meanwhile continuing to hide and hoard their liquid and unproductive wealth.

The government crowd has consistently refused even to guide, let alone control, imports and exports. Thus importers were encouraged to bring in luxury items. These ranged from toy balloons and Buicks to 19 tons of combs—enough to last Greece until 1999. Although UNRRA has brought over $35 million worth of clothing and footwear into Greece in the last two years, the Greek government permitted importers to bring in an additional $38 million worth of luxury and semi-luxury clothing and footwear from February to December of last year. During the same period, badly needed industrial machinery and spare parts, imported into Greece by private interests, were valued at only $4 million.

Profits on private imports, which are financed by government funds, run from 200 to 800 percent. With these enormous profits, importers, industrialists and brokers buy and hoard gold sovereigns from the government, further depleting the monetary reserve.

The government crowd failed to enforce even the limited controls in existence. When the solidly entrenched textile interests violated the agreement under which 80 percent of the material they spun out of UNRRA raw material was to be cheap utility cloth, the government took no action. The Greek government dissipated its foreign-exchange assets during 1946 to such an extent that until the announcement of substantial American aid came along, a replacement of those assets during 1947 appeared impossible.

As of the first of the year, Greece faced a deficit of roughly $175 million in her balance of international payments for 1947. This figure is based on an austerity budget providing solely for current consumption and normal replacement. It does not take into consideration any long-term reconstruction and rehabilitation projects which are obviously necessary if Greece's economy is to make any noticeable improvement in the years to come, and of course it does not include any military expenditures.

*Looking the gift horse . . .*

THE special American economic mission to Greece, headed by Paul Porter, had been advised before it left Washington to try to keep any recommendation it might make for financial assistance at a $50 million level. Non-Greek observers believe that a loan of $120 million would furnish substantial help—provided the Greek government imposes import, export, price, production and credit controls, plus adequate taxation. This sum would allow for the inauguration of a few long-range projects. The

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Greeks wanted from $200 to $300 million. The government is naturally thinking about its armed forces, whose current expenditures are running at a yearly rate of about $240 million.

Porter's mission was sticking pretty close to its original figure with the idea of recommending on its return to Washington an additional grant to be made later this year if the Greek government faithfully complied with the commission's suggestions for practical controls.

Faced with climbing expenditures, declining revenues, with expanding industrial and agricultural credits, with a pathetic trade balance and with an UNRRA about to fold up, the Greek government was pretty much up against the wall. It was prepared to accept "odious" controls proposed by the Porter mission, UNRRA economists and Anglo-American currency experts.

### *Preparations for "D-Day"*

THEN came the unexpected announcement from Washington. It was perfectly timed for the government crowd. "Porter might as well pack up and go home now," they said. "Fifty million? Why, we'll get at least $250 million, and more important, none of Porter's provisions. Marshall is a bigger man than Porter."

Reactions like this started only a matter of hours after Secretary of State Marshall's announcement was issued in Washington. The Greek Prime Minister, attending a previously scheduled session with American and British economists on vitally necessary economic measures, stalled the all-important discussions and then tried to adjourn the meeting.

One by one the American-proposed controls were being jettisoned by the government in Athens last week. The Minister of Finance had previously been convinced of the need of financial censorship of the mails. This would help to prevent a tremendous illegal flow of dollars in and out of the country by big-time operators. He suddenly changed his mind. He also stood firm against any requisitioning of unproductive plants and hoarded stocks, but continued to favor labor conscription.

Fully convinced that an "anti-Russian" United States was backing them solidly, the Royalist right-wing government rushed its preparations for what its newspapers call "D-Day"—the start of operations against the Partisans. Within 24 hours after the Washington announcement, the government announced that it had arrested, sentenced and deported to island prisons nearly 600 leftists, and a source close to the office of the Minister of Public Security, Napoleon Zervas, told this correspondent that "Now it was only a matter of 15 days before the Communists [all non-Royalists] were cleaned out." The American diplomats in Athens were surprised by the deportations, a symptom of their miserable misreading of the Greek situation for the past three years.

Subsidization of the present government will fulfil the earnest desire of the American Embassy in Athens, but it will not solve any of Greece's problems. No government could pull Greece out of her present economic situation without help from the outside. But the regime in power has proved itself absolutely incompetent to utilize effectively any outside help it may receive. It will certainly not use such aid to serve the needs of the Greek people.

It is a government dedicated to complete elimination of the Left. Its slogan is, "It is either we or they." So it keeps the most productive age groups in a dispirited army and attempts to beat the people into submissive acceptance of its reactionary policies.

### *Men in the mountains*

ON THE other side is the average Greek worker who is paid 7,000 drachmaes a day but needs 10,000 drachmaes daily just to buy himself (not his family) 2,500 calories of food. He will not support a government which ignores his needs, imprisons his trade-union leaders and threatens him with prison, exile and death if he protests. He will take to the mountains. For the "problem" of the new Greek Partisans is largely an internal one, regardless of Greece's efforts to draw attention away from her own shortcomings and internal weaknesses. Two bitterly full years of the exploitation of men who fought Germans by men who collaborated with Germans have driven more Greeks into the mountains than all the encouragement from the "north."

Greek Partisans laid down their arms once. This time they won't until they feel they can return to their homes without fear of persecution, imprisonment and death. At the moment, only a strong central government headed by a liberal party can possibly provide such security and begin to find a bloodless solution to the present impasse.

### *Two alternatives*

IF THE United States is going to decide to supplant Great Britain in Greece, it should do so with its eyes open. The old liberal leader, Themistocles Sofoulis, can pull the country together again. Most of his economic experts are young, moderate leftists who are convinced of the necessity of planning and control. The Communist and Socialist Parties are prepared to accept his leadership. Presumably, this time he will not have to face British intervention in favor of the Monarchist right-wing.

On the other hand, if the United States gives monetary, moral and military support to the Royalists, it will be bolstering a cruel, selfish gang. Such a policy will lead to more exploitation and larger hoarded profits; to more deportations and deaths. In the end the United States will defeat its own purpose—for such a policy is the surest way to hand over Greece, special delivery, to the Communist sphere.

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# Fact, Fancy and Fable

by Frank K. Kelly

*The incidental and vital intelligence in the Old Farmer's Almanac is as popular with city slickers as with rural folk*

DOWN from New England to hundreds of thousands of impatient Americans in cities, villages and farmhouses all over the country, there comes every year a package of practical wisdom and very dry wit, in the shape of a booklet called the *Old Farmer's Almanac*. The little package has a small round hole drilled neatly through the upper left-hand corner, and it is designed to be hung on a peg or a nail in the kitchen, ready for service at any time—whenever you want to know about "Mares, Impregnated by Wind," "Skunks, Removing Odor of," "Snow, Fluffiness of," "Sterility," "Twilight, Length of," "War, Statistics of," "Weather: Atomic," "Wild Life, Use of," and almost any other subject that troubles you, from the duration of sexual heat in animals to the proper storage of carrots.

The *Old Farmer's Almanac* is a best-seller. Before you run out into the spring sunshine in search of this compact compendium, it's only fair to warn you that copies of the 1947 edition may be hard to get. The *Old Farmer's Almanac* circulates from Elks Corners to Park Avenue, and it usually sells out along Broadway soon after it makes its annual appearance from the New England hills. Its appeal to subway straphangers is almost as great as its attraction for rural philosophers who gather around the cracker barrels.

The *Almanac* is more than a quaint piece of Americana. The Grolier Club of New York City, that steward of American culture, ranked it as one of the 100 American books, printed before 1900, which have been most notable in their influence upon American life and culture. Founded in 1792 by canny Robert Thomas, the modest *Almanac* has as company on the Grolier list such sturdy standbys as Webster's Dictionary, the Declaration of Independence, the Monroe Doctrine and the Montgomery Ward Mail Order Catalogue. No less a scholar than Harvard's George Lyman Kittredge, the most eminent living authority on Shakespeare, has found time to write a 400-page monograph on the *Almanac*.

The 1947 edition, if you are able to dig one up or get one from Yankee, Inc., the publishers in Dublin, New Hampshire, lists vital and incidental information that slicker publications are apt to omit. Where else could you find, under the fine heading of "Fruitful Winds," the story of "a phenomenon of breeding which seems incredible but is nevertheless true, namely: that on Mount Tagnus on that part of the coast of Lusitania near Olisippo, mares are sometimes impregnated by the wind—(Lisbon)." The Lisbon dateline may seem familiar as a source of wild reports, but if you've heard that one about the fruitful winds you must be a collector of esoterica. Or take the description of Varro's hog in Arcadia, which was so fat that "it was not only unable to get up, but a shrew mouse, having eaten a hole in its back, had there made its nest and was rearing a family." And you wouldn't be likely to stumble on definite information on the fluffiness of snowflakes or the duration of sex heat in animals anywhere else. In these days of turmoil, it might be relaxing to stop and brood a moment on these things.

If you're interested in doing some brooding, of course, you'll send away for a Smith's Mother Nature Brooder, advertised in the *Almanac*. "No getting up at nights, no coal or ashes, no big fuel bills, no more old-fashioned drudgery," the ad promises. "Bigger . . . better chicks in less time . . . at less cost . . . the Smith 'Mother Nature' way."

Or perhaps you prefer the strenuous life in the open air. If you do, you can learn, through the *Almanac*, of the best way to break and train horses. If you feel that civilization is sliding toward the abyss and you have reached the end of your tether, the Rockdale Monument Company assures you that it will ship "TOMBSTONES—DIRECT TO YOU. $9.95 UP—EASY TERMS."

### *What to do about skunks*

IN THE category of "Scientists at Work," you can take hope from Mrs. Edwina F. Forrester of Framingham, Massachusetts, who asserts that skunk odor can be overcome. She states that even a well scented dog can be made "companionable" again within a reasonably short time by washing the animal with a mixture of one quart of vinegar and one quart of water. "A man's overcoat may be saved by placing vinegar on the stove, boiling it, and holding the coat over the fumes," she declares. "The wood-pussy will soon be on its way."

Here you can also set your mind at ease about the weight of your draft

*Frank K. Kelly was an Army correspondent and radio writer in Europe, a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University, and has contributed to the* New Yorker, *the* Atlantic Monthly *and the* Infantry Journal.

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horses, if you have any. L. H. Blakeslee of the Michigan Experiment Station, US Department of Agriculture, "has worked out a table from which the live weights of draft horses can be predicted from measurements of heart girth, based on measurements and observations of 43 Belgian and Percheron foals at monthly intervals from birth." His system wouldn't be practical with wind-sired foals, though, because the report on these remarkable animals in the *Almanac* includes the statement: "Foals born of such mares never live more than three years."

If you've been worried about the fishery problem in the spare time you haven't been able to give the atom bomb, you will want to know what W. F. Royce, aquatic biologist, New Bedford, Massachusetts, has to say about it: "The fishery problem is similar in principle to crop production, especially in the case of bottom fish. If the fish are too thick, the old fish crowd the young and too many die a natural death. If the fish are too thin, the limiting factor seems to be insufficient egg production. . . ." It seems clear to us.

Does your baby need shoes? Is the high cost of everything keeping you from getting them? The *Almanac* has a tip for you: make slippers for children out of your old felt hats. Trace around a shoe on the felt with a pencil. Cut out the felt. Crochet uppers and sew them onto the soles, using a ribbon or yarn at the top to keep them on.

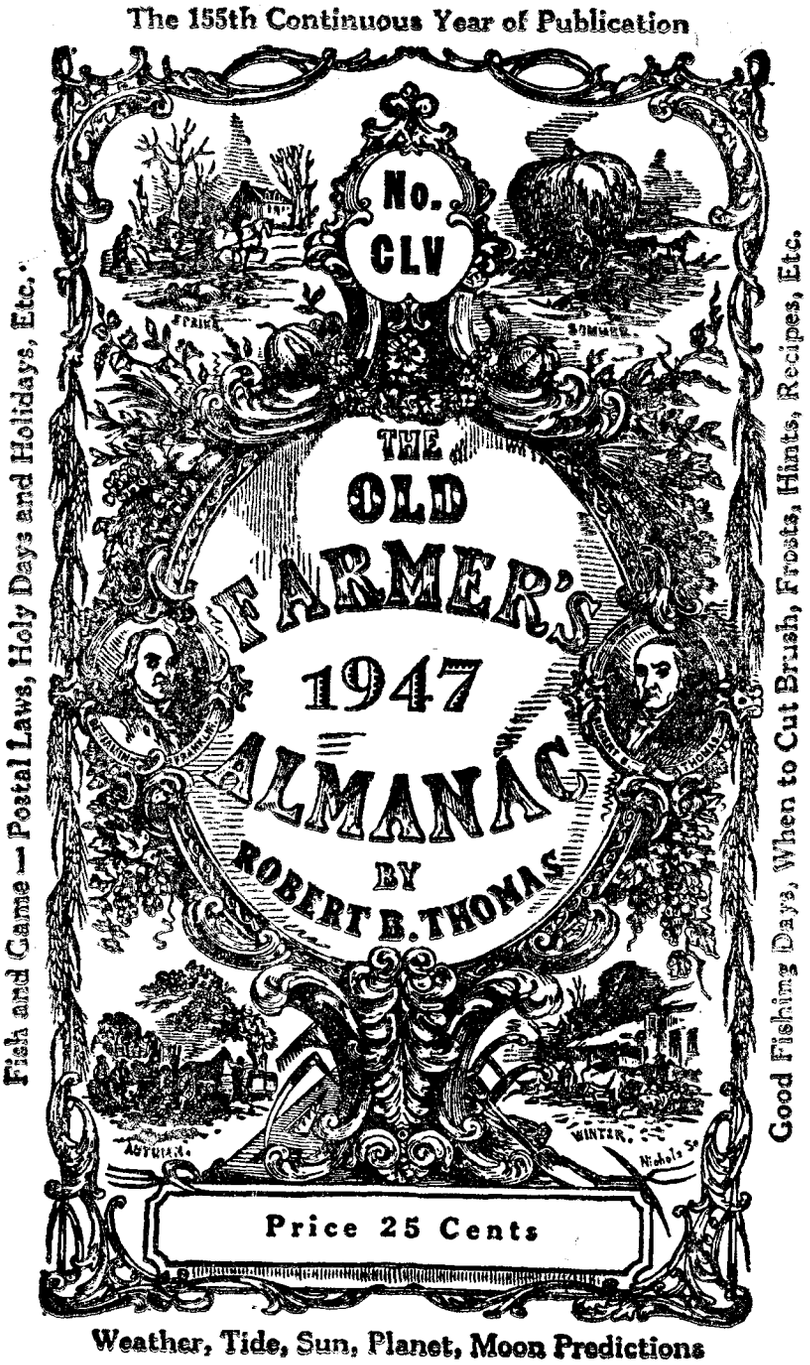
*Planes never "zoom"*

ITS yellow-paper cover, its quiet, folksy style and sedate engravings give the *Old Farmer* the austere air of changelessness which is so becoming to a publication that takes its position in American history seriously. The *Almanac* rode with many a pioneer across the West and found its way into the red schoolhouses, the sod huts and the log cabins of our ancestors. It has been consulted as an oracle on wind and weather, tides and moonrises, planting and plowing, sowing and harvesting, by generations of solid Americans. It has always artfully blended droll anecdotes and moral tales, sermons and old jokes, lofty poetry and homespun verse, charades and recipes for hominy croquettes, with dozens of other bits of "new, useful and entertaining matter" to fascinate both city and country folk.

There's a persistent tale that Abe Lincoln won a victory for his client in the Armstrong murder case by quoting the *Almanac* on the whereabouts of the vagrant moon on a certain important night. Certainly it has often been used to settle after-supper arguments on the best time to plant onions, when did the wreck of the *Hesperus* occur, the date of McKinley's assassination and a thousand other things in the strange records of man's life and legends.

Some of the *Old Farmer's* reports retain their popularity year after year. Among them are: How to Get Rid of Bugs, Interest Tables, Fire Protection, Murders Strangely Rediscovered, How to Stay Safe in Thunderstorms, Reclaiming Wet Lands, Bird Protection, Preserving Garden Seeds, Fertilization, and State Debts.

But the editors try to keep their readers abreast of their times by slowly dropping old items and even more slowly recognizing new-fangled developments. In the last few decades the taste of the nation has changed, and tidbits eagerly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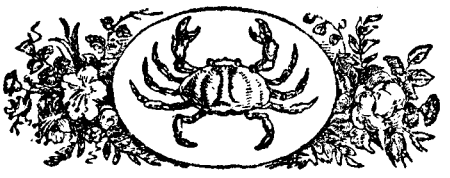
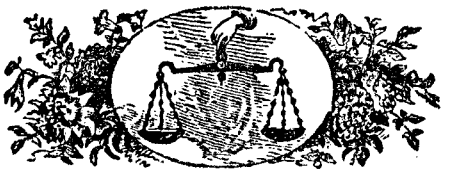
received in the early days of the Republic no longer have much readership appeal. Reluctantly the editors have dropped their tables on Carriage Fares, Bankruptcy Announcements, Improvements in Candles, Names of Tavern Proprietors, Roads and Distances from Tavern to Tavern, How to Make Cheese, and the Use of Hot Ashes to Resuscitate the Drowned.



They have, however, substituted, even if belatedly, new industrial developments. It was not till 1841 that the editors got around to printing railroad maps, when they decided to put the rail lines on a par with the stagecoaches that ran from Boston.

Data on the aviation industry didn't appear in any quantity until the 1930's, when the industry had become pretty well established. The 1935 issue contained a brief article titled "A Few Items About Aviation," which began with the angry statement that "the aviation term most commonly misused by newspapers today is 'zoom'." Besides being upset by the newspaper habit of having planes zoom down, which he called the result of ignorance because "zoom means to climb at a steeper angle than the power of the airplane can maintain," the author took a gloomy view of conditions then prevailing, and declared that there were "at least three qualified men for every job." He added that one large Eastern city airport paid its pilots $12 a week "and has been able temporarily to get good, experienced men at that figure."

Beginning in 1934 and continuing until 1939, with the exception of the 1937 issue, the second page of the *Almanac* bore an annual message from Franklin D. Roosevelt. By 1939, however, the *Almanac* decided its readers had had enough of FDR and substituted for him a less controversial character. On page 2, in place of the Roosevelt message, appeared a dim photograph of a statuette of a woodchuck, executed by the eminent sculptress, Miss Katharine Lane of Boston. The editors declared: "There is no more truly rural beast of the field than the woodchuck, or groundhog, and aside from his qualifications as a weather prophet we feel that his image constitutes an appropriate rustic emblem for the *Almanac*." The 1940 issue revealed the *Old Farmer's* attitude to the latter-day New Deal with the tart remark: "The *Old Farmer* believes that our government will use every means to keep us out of war, and that it is through with its well intentioned experiments and is now seriously intent upon constructive and coöperative action for the benefit of commerce, agriculture, business, and above all, of peace."



Maintaining its balance through the New Deal and the war, the *Almanac* took the advent of the Atomic Age calmly, in the best New England tradition. Advancing toward the future with a measured stride, the editors this year admitted that the 1947 edition found the world and America "in the throes of postwar adjustment," but discerned basic forces at work which might give "greater individual happiness and progress than the world has ever before witnessed."

After this cool discussion of the era of nuclear fission, the editors express regret for minor errors in the 1945 number, and point out: "On page 62, Joseph Goodale should have been qualified as having procreated a daughter who was to become Robert B. Thomas' mother. Also there was a difference in Length of Days, Sunset and Sunrise times between this almanac and the times computed by certain others—occasioned by the 'refinement of our formula in the year following Leap Year, at which time sidereal time and mundane time start off on another of their "quadrennial" honeymoons.' As the 1946 edition revealed no such variations, we take it that Mr. Astronomer found no need, after 1945, of accounting for anything but continued cordial and harmonious relations between sky and earth."

The recurring rhythms of the sky and earth throb through the issues of the *Almanac* in regular beats. Questions of politics and economics, which stir up some excitement in the strife-ridden world and sometimes create a certain heat even in the granite precincts of New England, seldom are granted much attention. The largest amount of space is given to the Farmer's Calendar, an institution which was known to the Romans. This is a column of hard-headed advice and philosophic comment which accompanies astronomical calculations and weather forecasts for the months of the year.

If you get mired in despair in 1947, which is likely to be a bad year for many of us, take a look at some of the *Almanac's* predictions:

"Nineteen forty-seven will be a good year to buy horses; but back them out of the stall first! In buying milch cows, the wise man will take them on trial for a week, before clinching the bargain, if such a thing is possible.

"Do not attempt to feed young calves with milk while wearing your Sunday suit, in 1947. Violence, most horrible to contemplate, may easily result from failure to observe this warning. . . .

"Substitutes of virtually every kind and description will become common, but no chemical or mechanical device will be found that can satisfactorily replace the Rhode Island Red rooster. However, a self-hailed genius will appear during this eventful year, who will inform the world that he has discovered how to raise double-breasted poultry, by hatching only double-yolked eggs."

Remember, too, that all these predictions should be adjusted for local variations, if you live outside New England. And if you can't stand the gaff, send for one of those $9.95 tombstones.

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# United Nations News

## *In Trust We Annex*

EXCEPT to the military mind, there has never been anything particularly noble in the US proposal to annex —or hold in trust, as we prefer to call it—some 98 Pacific islands, former Japanese mandates. Nevertheless the United States is within its legal rights in offering the proposal and we have, moreover, received enthusiastic support from unexpected quarters.

The United Nations trusteeship system was intended to apply to former League mandates, such as the Marshall, Marianas and Caroline Islands and to territories voluntarily submitted to the UN. On paper the system is an improvement over the League mandate plan, but there are enough loopholes in it to satisfy the important colonial powers that their interests will be preserved. In the first place, no power is compelled to present any trusteeship agreement. The United States could have remained in the Pacific islands permanently "by right of conquest" without ever consulting the UN.

But even after the plan had been presented to the world organization, the United States was adequately protected by what is known as the strategic-area clause. This clause was written into the Charter at San Francisco by Navy Commander Harold E. Stassen with the official backing of US military authorities. It requires that agreements for so-called strategic areas be presented to the Security Council, rather than the General Assembly, for approval. Moreover, it permits the mandatory power to close off part or all of the trust territory from UN inspection for reasons of security.

Because of this clause, Warren R. Austin, US delegate to the Security Council, was able to tell his colleagues that the Pacific islands "constitute an integrated strategic physical complex vital to the security of the United States." Under the terms of the agreement itself, the United States reserves the right to refuse to submit reports and to prohibit UN inspection of "any areas which may from time to time be specified . . . as closed for security reasons." It is in such areas that the United States will establish its naval, military and air bases.

At present the 48,000 natives living in the 846 square miles of island territory are wards of the government. When the trusteeship agreement comes into force, they will be eligible for US citizenship, subject to US law and exposed to certain economic, political, social and educational advantages.

THE deciding factor in speedy approval of the trusteeship agreement was Russia's decision to support it. Some time ago the Russians indicated that they would oppose the US plan, at least until completion of the Japanese peace treaty. Suddenly they changed their minds. True, Gromyko asked for several amendments to the agreement—one to prevent the US from running the islands "as an integral part of the United States"; one which would allow the native inhabitants to develop toward independence instead of merely toward self-government; and one which would make the Security Council, rather than the US alone, the deciding factor in any change in the agreement. This would still leave the US free to veto any change proposed by the Council or one of its members.

Although these amendments were presented in an effort to limit the broad powers which the United States was taking on itself, none was important enough to alter the basic aims of the agreement. And Soviet approval, more than any other single factor, convinced other Security Council members that the agreement should be accepted.

Why did Russia approve the US plan? There are three logical answers. The Soviet Union has long maintained that any trusteeship agreement involving strategic areas in part or in total (and this would include local defenses which every mandatory power maintains in every trust territory) should be presented to the Security Council and not to the General Assembly. It is a part of Russia's belief that the Council is the UN's most important body. The United States did present its case to the Council and Russia supported us. She took quite the opposite position when the Union of South Africa attempted to annex Southwest Africa. That case came before the General Assembly and Russia's opposition to it was as fervent as has been her support of the US proposal.

Russia realized that, on the eve of the Conference, it might be well to have bargaining power for her demands in Europe. By recognizing the great American sacrifices in the Pacific, Russia was announcing that her own sacrifices in Europe were equally great and should be equally compensated. The third, and perhaps most accurate explanation for Soviet approval of the plan is that there was nothing else to do. The United States had stated that, even if the Security Council did not approve the trusteeship agreement, the US would remain in the islands and continue to administer them "by right of conquest."

THE blunt truth is that the trusteeship agreement presented by the United States and supported by the Soviet Union is the clearest example so far of power politics within the United Nations.

Had the US wished to do so, it could have guaranteed our security and cleared our name of imperialist charges by referring the matter to the United Nations with a request for UN, rather than US, administration. Public opinion in this country would have supported that move, judging from a survey made by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver. According to the survey, a year ago 40 percent of the American people were for outright ownership of the islands, 28 percent were for US operation without ownership, and only 25 percent thought the US should share its control with other members. Today, as popular interest in the Pacific diminishes, the figures have changed. Only 31 percent want ownership, 30 percent want US operation and 32 percent are willing to share control with other UN members. The rest don't know, but it might have been a simple task to convince them. JANE BEDELL

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# Labor

## *Ground Swell*

THE peace and quiet pervading the industrial scene began last week to vibrate with a slightly ominous note. Though there were virtually no strikes, and few immediate prospects of major strikes, some industrial-relations observers wondered whether a new crisis was approaching.

Wage negotiations in the steel, automobile, rubber and other industries were almost completely stalled. If this represented merely a desire of large corporations to avoid committing themselves until they learned with some certainty their potential portal-pay liability, all might yet be well. But some authorities were speculating whether industry, convinced that labor was afraid to strike, would try to base its eventual wage counter-proposals on this assumption.

A second and more concrete cause of anxiety was the renewed spurt of rising prices, marked by the upward march of wholesale price levels and the likelihood of increased rents. It is generally agreed that higher taxes and increased living costs have undermined a large part, if not all, of the increased wages won by workers since 1939. A tendency among corporations to drive hard bargains with their unions, if coupled with the factor of still rising prices, could result in a genuine explosion. Wage increases in the nature of cost-of-living bonuses might be one solution, but most unions dislike the bonus idea. And though labor has shown a great willingness to extend contracts, so as to allow ample time for bargaining, eventually negotiations will have to get down to the hard issues of dollars and cents.

*Annual Wage.* – One trouble is that no general agreement has yet been reached on the type of issues which ought to be included in collective bargaining. Philip Murray and the United Steelworkers, among other CIO unions, are vitally interested in the annual wage. They are generally inclined to go along with the government report that annual-wage plans should be set up voluntarily rather than through legislation, but they want some progress to be made.

Other union leaders believe we shall never have a stable and secure economy, and that our democracy will never be safe, until industry, labor and government sit down together on over-all planning of production levels, prices, wage levels, rate of technological change, the amount of savings put into new investment and similar basic programs. But there is no disposition in industry to coöperate in such a sweeping reform, less sympathy in Congress and precious little active support among the union rank and file. The "free-economy" battle cry has everyone hypnotized, though the most serious threat to free enterprise is that of another depression.

*Jurisdictional Conflicts.* – Faced with the virtual certainty of congressional action to curb jurisdictional strikes, leaders of the AFL Building Trades Department are working hard to improve machinery for voluntary refereeing of such disputes.

AFL spokesmen point out that the Building Trades Department has made great progress in checking work stoppages over jurisdictional questions. Richard J. Gray and Herbert Rivers, president and secretary of the department, are seeking to implement the voluntary-arbitration pact recently worked out with the Associated General Contractors. A principal stumbling block, as of last week, was "Big Bill" Hutcheson, president of the Brotherhood of Carpenters, who once successfully threatened his fellow vice-presidents of the AFL in the carpenters' long-standing jurisdictional dispute with the International Association of Machinists. Hutcheson, who has had a lot to say about jurisdictional settlements, doesn't want to yield his own power.

On the general jurisdictional issue, AFL spokesmen charge that contractors are often responsible for trouble. Contractors seek to award work to the weaker of two unions which may be in dispute, or perhaps to the union with the leaders of which they personally prefer to deal. It is recognition of this situation which makes Building Trades Department leaders anxious to have contractors take an active part in voluntary arbitration of jurisdictional as well as other controversies.

*Congressional Labor Hearings.* – Two recent witnesses before the Senate Labor committee offered some testimony in refreshing contrast to the routine which has now become familiar.

Eric Johnston, head of the Committee for Economic Development labor committee, said it was all nonsense to talk about abolishing industrywide bargaining. An international union will always seek to set general standards, he pointed out, and local unions will always seek to lift themselves to them. A statutory prohibition on industrywide bargaining would not prevent efforts to equalize pay scales and benefits of contracts.

President Harvey W. Brown of the machinists made the most eloquent union attack on "monopoly" charges that the Senate committee has heard. Denying that unions are "monopolistic" in the same sense that industry may be, Brown asked what kind of "monopolists" 12 to 14 million trade unionists were when, "with all the power they are supposed to have," they still have to beg Congress for a 75-cent minimum-wage law, unemployment and old-age insurance, medical care and subsidies for decent housing.

In the House committees two interesting developments occurred. Leaders of the Allis-Chalmers striking Local 248, United Automobile Workers, roundly denied they were Communists. They also repeated the efforts they have frequently made to call off the strike if they could get the company to accept arbitration, fact-finding or any other solution in line with common industrial-relations practice. The strike is still the classic example of what happens when a reactionary corporation management tangles with a local strongly suspected of Communist infiltration. The House committee did not seem impressed with union suggestions that it ask the company to arbitrate.

WILLARD SHELTON

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# Farm

## *Weather Prophets and Rain-makers*

THE rain-makers are at it again. There have been a number of recent newspaper articles to the effect that atomic energy could be used to control the climate. "Rain Producing Atom to Battle Drought," one headline reads (Washington *Daily News,* February 17), and in the February 23 issue of *This Week* magazine an article says scientists soon will not only be able to predict weather but will "make it themselves . . . on a global basis."

A rain-making machine or a sure-fire method of predicting drought would be the very thing that farmers need. Hundreds of thousands of them may need such help soon. Many of them, especially those in the Great Plains, are wondering whether they will be wiped out by a series of dry years. They know that a drought or a series of dry years is overdue.

I remember many stories that early settlers told of their experiences in Oklahoma. Often the drought would last throughout the growing season. Months would pass without a drop of water falling on the thirsty soil. Prayers would be held but the Lord would turn a deaf ear. Wells would go dry; the farmer would have to haul water or drive his stock miles to a watering hole. Eventually the waterholes would dry up and the cattle die. So finally the settler would pack up and leave.

During droughts the rain-makers would come. In 1910, a man came to our town with a strange contraption which he said would cause rain. He never had a chance to try it out because, just as the townspeople and farmers were ready to pay him his fee, it rained.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century rain-making was all the rage. In 1891 Congress even appropriated $9,000 for rain-making machines and many a rain-maker talked Kansas farmers out of money. Time, of course, was on the rain-maker's side. Often it did rain after he had shot off a skyrocket.

Scientists discount the claims of the rain-makers both past and present. They do not believe that anyone can make it rain except over a very small area. Colonel Ben Holzman, Admiral Blandy's weather man, who forecast the weather for the atomic-bomb experiments at Bikini, laughed when I asked him if atomic explosions would cause rainfall. Colonel Holzman, who was twice decorated for his weather predictions during the war and who "selected the weather" in which to open up the second front in France, believes that attempts to change the weather will not be effective except for possibly producing a local shower. "Some scientists," he told me, "have been working on the idea that atomic energy might be used to induce rainfall, but I figure it would take 10 atomic bombs per second to have an appreciable influence." The Colonel hastened to add that the whole thing was highly speculative.

SOME reputable authorities, however, feel that it may some day be possible to control the weather. Ivan Ray Tannehill, chief of the US Weather Bureau's division of synoptic reports and forecasts, has just brought out a book, *Drought, Its Causes and Effects* (Princeton University Press), which answers most of the questions about controlling rainfall. Tannehill thinks that perhaps we shall eventually be able to predict rainfall with reasonable accuracy and may in time be able to control it. His theory includes the idea that the Pacific Ocean is the dominant, if not the controlling, influence on our weather in the United States. He believes that the relatively warm temperature of the Pacific indirectly causes rain in the interior of the United States and, conversely, when the Pacific is relatively cool a drought occurs in the United States.

Put very simply, here is Tannehill's explanation. In winter the air over Canada contracts. It flattens out and leaves a stratum of low pressure in the upper levels. Air over the Pacific is relatively warm and expanded because the Pacific is relatively warm. Consequently the expanded air flows rapidly into the area over Canada and forces cold air down into the United States. It goes on down into the Great Plains, bumps into the warm, moisture-laden Gulf air masses, pushes them up and cools them off until the vapor in them changes to water or snow.

When the temperature of the Pacific is relatively low, the air doesn't flow into Canada so rapidly and the cold air masses do not come down and force the moist Gulf air masses to give up their moisture. The result is a drought. Instead of coming in through Canada, the air over the Pacific is expanded farther south and comes into the United States over the mountains of the Southwest and the Mexican plateau. Before it can get over the mountains it must lose its moisture.

Consequently, this air is dry. It descends into the Great Plains and causes hot winds which wilt the farmers' plants and dry out the soil. As Tannehill says, the drought comes over the mountains. Therefore, if the temperature over the Pacific could be changed a little bit at the right time and place, droughts in the interior of the US might be prevented.

The Weather Bureau has learned a great deal about our rain machine, and perhaps some day it can predict where and when a drought will strike. But that day has not yet arrived.

As for the revolutionary concept of controlling the weather, the people I talked to are even more skeptical. "Preventing a drought," said one scientist, "or a series of droughts, by some kind of gadget or explosion or by cooling the atmosphere with carbon dioxide is like trying to cause a tidal wave by spitting in the ocean."

ANGUS MCDONALD

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# Art

## *Hogarth's Mastery*

IN THE current loan exhibition from England of "Masterworks of English Painting" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, there are 12 canvases by William Hogarth (1697-1764). Of these, six make up the famous "Marriage à la Mode" series, two are unrelated figure pieces, and the rest portraits —a fairly representative showing. Since there are very few of his paintings here in America it is good to see this group. But they are not masterworks of painting. Hogarth's mastery was in his unique gift for social satire, and the engravings he made from his paintings display his genius not only to better advantage but in a more suitable medium.

Many sensible people maintain that it does not really matter how one says a thing if what one says is important, profound or amusing. This is debatable, particularly when, as in this instance, the saying of the thing is not in colloquial speech but in an art form. Artistic excellence and power are gained through experience in the medium with the tools of the medium, and through the depth and quality of the artist's responses to life. The artist arrives at unity of thought and expression, matter and form, through knowing what is significant in the situation or problem before him—and then communicating it. Thus it matters greatly both to the artist, and ultimately to the public, *how* what he has to say is said.

Now Hogarth was a social satirist who chose to paint his satirical works before he engraved them. True, he did other paintings, mostly portraits. But although all are competent and a few (like the "Shrimp Girl" sketch in the present exhibition) are brilliant, none of them may justly be called a masterwork of painting—especially in the company of works by Constable and Turner.

Daumier also was a painter and a social satirist. He was, in addition, one of the world's great political cartoonists. His black-and-white work is better known than his paintings, but beyond all question he was a much better painter than Hogarth. Daumier's approach to painting was always the painter's approach. Even when he was painting Don Quixote and Sancho Panza on their respective mounts, he treated his subject matter as so many masses of closely harmonized colored form, organized within the given shape of the canvas. Hogarth, on the other hand, shrewd, observant and selective as he was, brought an illustrative technique to the painting of his many series of satires. The reasons are not difficult to discover, and they are worth the effort.

HIS career presents several curious interesting paradoxes. He was the forerunner of a great line of caricaturists—Newton, Bunbury, Rowlandson, Gillray and Cruikshank—but he himself was not a caricaturist. In that he was the first English artist to reject the classical grand manner, and to paint the life and scenes about him, he was the forerunner of the English landscape school—Constable, Bonington, Turner and Crome—but he himself never painted a landscape. He was a powerful rebel within his craft, both in technique and in convictions, but he founded no school. He achieved great contemporary fame as an artist, yet he despised the snobbish professionalism of academic artists, and he never felt too big a man to paint a sign or to join and aid a sign painters' demonstration for the redressing of grievances.

Hogarth was of lower-middle-class origin, and was early apprenticed to a silver engraver. But his active, inquisitive temperament and a general stirring of the times made him ambitious for other things. After nearly a hundred years of upheaval of all kinds (civil and foreign wars, religious and political revolutions), successive governments in the early eighteenth century had striven to persuade the public that all was now well. The public continued to be restive, however, and an unusually gifted lot of writers gave voice to specific discontents.

Defoe, the first great journalist, had stirred his countrymen with his mocking "Hymn to the Pillory," and his "Shortest Way with Dissenters" was a satirical suggestion that they all be exterminated. Swift was satirizing the government in Gulliver, and his "Modest Proposal" to fatten the babies of the starving Irish for the tables of the English landlords is the most corrosive thing in "polite letters." Fielding's realistic novel, *Tom Jones,* and his robust parody, *Joseph Andrews,* were products of this period, as were Gay's "Beggar's Opera" and the rowdy burlesque fiction of Smollett.

EACH of these writers was, in his own way, a radical and an innovator, and all were working toward greater artistic and political freedom. And it is important to note that they were all Hogarth's contemporaries, and that several of them later became his friends. Some of their books and pamphlets were printed before and some after the young silver engraver stepped for the last time from his master's shop into the turbulent London of the 1720's, but he already knew where and how he wanted to go.

He began his public career with "An Emblematical Print of the South Sea Scheme" and other timely themes. These show the influence of Callot, the Flemish engraver. He then studied painting, became a great admirer of the homely subject matter and close observation of the seventeenth-century Flemish school, especially Breughel, but he never imitated them nor did he ever attain anything like their mastery. Despite their common realism, there is a personal, intimate warmth for the subject in the works of the great Dutchmen that is utterly lacking in Hogarth's. Moralist and satirist, his understanding of and sympathy for his people was objective and detached. He conceived of his pictures as stage scenes, in sets and series. His pictures were purposely designed for moral effect, and they were painted with the intention of engraving them later.

This preoccupation, and the fact that

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Hogarth was an engraver before he took up painting, decided his evolving a limited but very effective technique. It is much too tight, finished and detailed for our modern taste, but it served his purpose, and if we are to accept him on his own terms we can have no quarrel with it. In his proper field as social satirist he had no equal before or in his own time and very few since.

THE English people had a long tradition of popular satire, expressed in morality plays and farces, folk ballads, chapbooks, and single-sheet broadsides—crude combinations of comic realism, fantasy and symbolism. Familiar from childhood with these, Hogarth in his own work imposed discipline upon this motley heritage by rigorously excluding the extravagant, the fantastic and the eccentric. The soul of caricature is in exaggeration and distortion of figure, feature and expression. Social satire relies on situation, on the revealing incident in which the characters betray themselves. It now becomes plain why Hogarth favored stagelike scenes: he conceived of satire as comedy, not as the comic.

His many notable series, from "A Harlot's Progress" down through "A Rake's Progress," "Industry and Idleness" and "Marriage à la Mode" to "Four Prints of an Election," cover large sections of English public and private life during the first half of the eighteenth century. Like a great novelist, he depicted the domestic architecture, interior decoration, fashions and customs of people of all classes. Moreover, he succeeded in portraying not only their private and worldly interests, but their attitudes toward life, their general lack of sensitivity and moral responsibility. Indeed, he once said his pictures were intended to be *read*.

Brief mention must be made of his numerous single plates—"The Stage Coach," "Gin Lane," "The March to Finchley," among others. Each has something special to tell of the life of the time. But he was at his robust best in his riotous street scenes. Here he let himself go almost to the brink of caricature. Yet there is order even in the composition of these disorderly mobs, and whatever the rage or passion, gloating or despair of the individuals, they are all part of humanity, not monsters or caricatures—understood and recorded by Hogarth, understandable still by us.

WILLIAM MURRELL

*Engraving after Hogarth* *Courtesy Tudor Print Collections*

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS. PLATE 3

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# Books

## *Kid-Glove Cruelty*

STREICHER is at last consigned to the worms and the commandants of the extermination camps have met more merciful deaths than ever they dealt. The military victory against the world's most efficient anti-Semites has been won. And yet millions of Americans who take their democracy seriously are asking themselves whether the war which was won on the Rhine and the Elbe will be lost on the Mississippi and the Hudson.

It is this vital question which Laura Z. Hobson tackles with great clarity and missionary persuasiveness in this slick, readable and valuable novel on anti-Semitism (*Gentleman's Agreement,* Simon and Schuster, $2.75). American anti-Semitism, Mrs. Hobson points out, has not yet burst into the violence of the spontaneous pogrom or some shirted movement's calculated *Schrecklichkeit.* It is not a bomb exploding over New York, Chicago or Detroit; it is more like an insidious poison gas with a gently distasteful odor which creeps gradually through the streets of America. It is spread not by the James Trues with their psychopathic "kike-killers," but by "nice people" who advertise their lack of prejudice but are too often accessories to the social crime of anti-Semitism. "Millions of them," Mrs. Hobson explains, "back up the lunatic vanguard in its war for this country—forming the rear echelons, the home front in the factories, manufacturing the silence and acquiescence. . . ."

This decisive theme—in the knowledge of this reviewer—has never been developed in American fiction before. For rushing in where more gifted novelists have feared or neglected to tread, Mrs. Hobson deserves whatever prizes a push-me-pull-you democracy can bestow on one of its more responsible and aroused citizens.

Mrs. Hobson has chosen to package her attack on anti-Semitism in the following plot: Phil Green, a liberal staff writer for a popular weekly magazine (a kind of hybrid *Collier's-New Republic?*), is assigned to do a series on anti-Semitism. With professional thoroughness, Green decides to masquerade as a Jew for eight weeks in order to get a first-hand grip on his subject. As he finds himself more and more enmeshed in the invisible net of racial suspicion, intolerance and cowardly, kid-glove cruelty, Green (alias Greenberg) begins to shed his objectivity, learns to identify himself with the three million victims of genteel oppression. His fiancée, on the other hand, the liberal editor's niece, is caught in the riptide of lofty words and self-protective actions.

Kathy Lacey—Mrs. Hobson's somewhat too convenient heroine—while able to suggest the series on anti-Semitism in the first place, begins shedding her convictions when her idealistic chickens come home to roost. The home in question is Kathy's cottage in Connecticut which Green urges her to rent to his Jewish friend whose family is stranded by the housing shortage. Kathy finds herself taking refuge in the shabby excuse that Jews simply would not be comfortable there. The Frankenstein theme is intensified when she balks at introducing Green as a Jew to her Connecticut friends. Thus Green makes a profound discovery—that in his search for anti-Semitism he need look no further than his "enlightened" "fiancée, whose idea it had been to do the articles in the first place.

This sharply observed irony is developed with a wealth of wise and pointed documentation on the whole sorry company of anti-Semites, the ones who profess to "admire" certain Jewish gifts, the ones who are always ready to make an exception for the "decent Jew," the ones who "have no prejudice themselves" but just don't understand why Jews are so oversensitive and inclined to create unnecessary tensions between themselves and the gentiles.

Even a happy ending in the best women's-magazine tradition, and sentences like "Again her heart hammered once against his ribs," don't blunt the sharp, hard point of this welcome, timely, able tract. It should be placed in the hands of every marginal racist whose heart and mind are not yet barred and bolted against decency and reason. Mrs. Hobson's novel is a Stop-Look-Listen-and-Do-Something warning for every American who may be in danger of slipping, no matter how "innocently," into a Gentleman's Agreement.

BUDD SCHULBERG

*Budd Schulberg is the author of* What Makes Sammy Run?

## *Aftermath*

V-J Day was a long time ago and the people don't want to hear anything more about the war. As for cripples, nobody likes to hear about cripples. It bothers people. . . .

"THE PURPLE TESTAMENT," edited by Don Wolfe (Stackpole, $3), should be read, broadcast, reprinted, digested—it *should* bother people. It should bother them because this book is the soul-scraping of 53 disabled veterans, men whose bodies have been broken, whose minds have been hurt, whose nerves have been twisted.

The Veterans' Administration had picked them out and sent them to a small college in Washington, D. C., to train them to be counsellors for other disabled veterans. Some of their courses were dull and some of their teachers were stupid, but in their English teacher, Dr. Don Wolfe, they found all the warmth and understanding and intelligence they could ask for. A slim man with a sensitive mind, he was one of those rare teachers who knew how to dig for the deep things inside of people. "Write the things you want to write," he said. And they did.

Irving Peltz, who lost an arm, leg and an eye at Anzio:

> I wanted to prove to myself and to everyone else that even though I was disabled, I could still do anything that anyone else could. My biggest obstacle was people. Yes, I said people! . . . I'd walk down a street and almost everybody would stop and stare. On the train, bus, or trolley, it was always the same. In restaurants, they'd look up from their food. Damn them all! Can't they leave a

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wounded veteran alone? Haven't they got any sense? Don't they realize they made me feel like a freak? Why the hell can't they mind their own business? . . .

There was Mauk's story of an Arabian girl bartered from her mother by American soldiers; Williams, who bailed out over Germany, telling how he tried not to act scared while some Nazi civilians kicked out his teeth; O'Connell's talk under shellfire with a skinny little man named Ernie Pyle; American soldiers being whiplashed in a place called Lichfield; "A Dying Man Screams," "Grandma's Cookies," "Daddy Don't Leave Me," "Fear," "Sunset in Arizona," "Powdered Eggs," "What Have We Learned?"

Week after week, they poured themselves out. Most of it was written simply; some of it, badly. But in all of it, there were patches of warm, beautiful writing. In his very moving introduction, to this book Don Wolfe quotes Emerson: "Every man is eloquent once in his life." This eloquence they could get out of themselves and on paper, but when some of the 53 were called upon to read what they had written, a few of the words choked in their throats. John Regan, who lost a leg at Normandy, in a piece called "My Room at the Lilac Inn," said:

> As I look around the room in this third-rate boarding house, there alongside the bureau is this *thing* . . . a leather cup, straps and buckles dropping from it. Below this cup, the flesh-colored thing and on its foot a brown sock and an oxblood shoe. I've called this wooden leg a lot of things. . . . Oh, what the hell, a leg isn't everything. You've got to keep on living. . . .

"The dignity of their lives spoke from their eyes, their voices, their masks, their reticence," continued Wolfe. "For a man to illumine the deep, twisting currents of his life is to do service to the world and make mankind his keepers."

Wolfe found out something else, the simple fact that the average combat soldier never really knew what he was fighting for:

> There's Mack Smith back home sitting on his broad rear while I'm doing his fighting for him. . . . Why the hell can't I be back home? . . . What's this fight all about anyway? . . .

Combat didn't house-clean their hates and prejudices. That was just another propagandized fairy tale so widely circulated back home because people wanted to believe it. As Robert Shore says in a story, "We had dogs trained to kill. When the war was over, we untrained them; we made them mild again. But not so with men. The Army didn't believe in unlearning us."

THIS isn't just a war book; it's a "peace" book. It's the book that should be shoved at all those people who talk so glibly about another war. But it's for so many other people, too. How can any of us talk about the peace unless we keep remembering what the war was? Still, there is so much more than war in this book. There are touching pictures of the America they knew, which is your America, and the throbbing question they ask, which is your question, "Where do we go from here?"

John Dos Passos, who wrote the preface, said that all the individual stories really merge into one story and that he couldn't put the book down until he had finished them all. Neither could I.

When you finish reading this book, don't pass on your copy to a friend—make him buy it. All the royalties are being distributed among the 53 disabled vets.

RALPH G. MARTIN

## *Plight of Cities*

IN *Our Fair City* (Vanguard, $3.50), Robert S. Allen has assembled reports from 17 representative cities on how much progress there has been in municipal government since Lincoln Steffens published his sensational *The Shame of the Cities* in 1904. Allen's conclusion is that municipal rule is where it was 50 years ago—still "corrupt and contented."

The contributors to *Our Fair City* have been chosen wisely. All except two are newspapermen. As a result this book is concrete, scathing and immensely readable. Neither the newspapers on which the men work, nor the political parties to which they belong, nor the churches they attend, nor business, nor you and I in our capacity as citizens, escape indictment for the corruption and mismanagement that so widely characterize municipal government.

It is an old maxim that we get the type of government we deserve. Nowhere is this truer than in municipal affairs. Schools, police, subways, sanitation, fire department, water supply,

*Drawing by John Groth*

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touch our lives intimately at innumerable points. We pride ourselves on being the most literate electorate in the world, yet here is a picture of municipalities on the verge of bankruptcy, large-scale plundering and universal petty graft. It is no wonder that Steffens turned on the average citizen a half-century ago with the bitter indictment "that the spirit of graft and lawlessness is the American spirit," and Allen is driven to ask despairingly how will a free people cope with world problems and the atomic bomb when they cannot solve "the simpler problems of their own immediate households."

Citizen irresponsibility and popular morals, however, are not without their well defined causes. The distinguished newspapermen who contribute to *Our Fair City* almost unanimously condemn the press for its role in local affairs; with the writer of the essay on Kansas City making the blunt assertion that the Kansas City *Star* has replaced Pendergast as the local boss. Like the press, the church can be a potent force in municipal progress, as it is in Chicago, or the source of a "resistless drift toward the cultural pattern of a medieval Quebec," as in Boston. A crusading church and press are generally sufficient in themselves to ensure honest municipal government.

It is not easy to summarize this book, but several conclusions emerge. The majority of cities suffer from waste and mismanagement because of a chaotic jumble of antiquated, competing jurisdictions. The city and county of Philadelphia, for example, cover exactly the same area, but there are two sets of officials, which makes for "lush political patronage" as well as confusion and waste. When consolidation and modernization were proposed in 1939, the state legislature, at the behest of local Republican bosses, refused to authorize a referendum on the proposition. In another way rational governmental units in Chicago and modernization of the city's taxing system have been blocked by a rural-controlled legislature. Almost every contributor remarks on the control exercised over the big cities by rural-dominated state legislatures. Rural communities, with the connivance of city big business, want "cheap government." They gang up on the cities in the matter of tax policies and allocation of the revenues collected. This problem has become particularly acute because the chief cities report a shrinking tax base along with an unprecedented demand for added community services.

Cities in the South and West, such as Birmingham, Denver, Seattle, complain of the constricting hand of absentee control. With their chief industries owned by Eastern capital, they regard themselves as colonies. The local managers function as gauleiters and take little interest in community development. There is a dominance of large corporations in the affairs of many cities: "The Pennsylvania Railroad owns Philadelphia body, soul and britches"; and Butte is ruled by "The Company"—Anaconda Copper. The writer on San Francisco declares that as many major decisions of municipal government are made in the Pacific Union Club as are made in City Hall. Big business generally is willing to put up with graft and corruption as long as the tax rate is kept down. Echoing Steffens, Allen calls big business the root evil in municipal affairs.

Despite Republican propaganda to the contrary, municipal corruption and plunder, we learn, are not the functions of any one party. Philadelphia, run by a well entrenched Republican machine, is the most inefficiently managed, graft-ridden city of the 17 described in this book—with the possible exception of Democratic Boston. It comes as a shock to discover that Mayor Kelly was once regarded as a "reform" mayor because his Republican predecessor, Big Bill Thompson, was so hopelessly corrupt. Nor is machine rule necessary for corruption. There is no machine "through which Detroit's politicians must be processed"; nevertheless a mayor, county prosecutor and scores of police officials and patrolmen recently went to jail. When Cleveland in a reform mood in the twenties adopted the city-manager plan, Democrats and Republicans agreed on the manager, and, in a secret protocol, on a 60-40 patronage ratio.

*Woodcut by Howard Cook* *Kennedy and Company*

An increasing problem is the development of parasitic suburbs to which the best citizens move in order to escape the responsibilities, grime and taxes of the cities in which they earn their living. City after city reports the growth of ghettoes for Negroes in which there is the highest incidence of disease, juvenile delinquency

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and slums. No city has even begun to cope with this problem.

A word should be said about the editing job done by Allen in *Our Fair City*. Unlike most symposiums, this book hangs together, the writing is evenly paced and the analyses uniformly penetrating—no mean achievement in itself. JOSEPH P. LASH

*Joseph P. Lash is director of the New York branch of the Union for Democratic Action.*

## *Field and Factory*

SOIL AND STEEL, by P. Alston Waring and Clinton S. Golden (Harpers, $3), bears an alliterative title, but what does it mean? In this case it means exploring the common interests of farmers and wage earners. The publishers claim it is the first book to examine the whole problem of political and economic relations between workers in industry and workers on the farm. The claim has no basis in fact. It is neither the first book on the subject nor does it explore the whole problem. Obviously this matter of interdependence cannot be isolated and explored as one explores an island or an atoll.

Nevertheless, the authors have sought diligently for understanding and unity. They realize that many wage earners do not know a great deal about farmers and the difficulties of making a living on the land. They know, too, that most farmers are still ignorant of the lives of city workers.

Although the war is over, fascism is not dead. It continues to thrive on division, mistrust and ignorance; it is nurtured by the forces which set men against one another. The authors—one a farmer, the other a worker—try to find out why misunderstanding exists between their groups. To answer the question, Waring and Golden search for causes, which are not hard to find. But they do not stop there. They travel on, searching to discover ways of improving the situation, and approach their worthwhile task thoughtfully and sincerely.

How are farmers and workers to learn the facts about one another? This is a real and tough problem when one takes a look at the press, especially the farm press, which is almost wholly owned by business and industrial interests and their allies. Strongly anti-labor, it seeks to dominate rural opinion and thereby Congress itself. This matter of the virtual disappearance of the free press in both country and city seems to me to go to the heart of the question which Waring and Golden seek to resolve, yet they dismiss it with a few inadequate paragraphs.

This is a serious matter, for presumably these earnest authors are striving to reach an audience of farmers and workers who, they tell us, comprise 85 percent of the population. But let us face the facts. One doesn't reach this audience with a $3 book. The *Farm Journal* (mistakenly referred to as the *American Farm Journal*), owned by Sun Oil's Pew family, reaches two and a half million rural families at a yearly subscription rate of 25 cents. In one of the jacket blurbs for *Soil and Steel* Pearl S. Buck writes, "a fine necessary book—necessary for every farmer and industrial worker. If they read and take to heart, we would see some outstanding improvement in all our life." But they won't read it.

PERHAPS it was the hope of helping in the common man's struggle to win his place in a democratic society that persuaded the authors to wrap their arguments in folksy cellophane. But I, for one, am sorry to see a sound point of view and a genuine idealism made corny by real and fictitious anecdotes and occasionally misleading personal confessions. For the adult reader the argument is slow and repetitious and lacking in forcefulness. It is a fine thing to make the lessons of economics simple, to write so that sixth or seventh-graders can read it, but the sentimental approach is not necessarily the simple one. Nor do a lot of every-day words inevitably add up to conciseness. The story of farmer-worker interdependence can be told in a pamphlet or, at most, a dollar book.

Self-appointed spokesmen are always suspect. Some loss of confidence is inevitable when one writer announces himself as speaking for the farmers, the other for the workers. Waring himself deeply resents the assumption that other farmers, or some farm organization, or the Farm Bloc perhaps, should speak for him. He knows that there are all kinds of farmers—that agriculture is not one big happy family. Waring is a good farmer, a good conservationist, a good teacher and a writer admirably equipped to speak for himself and a little group of like-minded farmers, as he did in his earlier book, *Roots in the Earth*.

Golden is a member of the United Steelworkers of America, CIO, but hardly a typical worker. He has served as international vice-president of the big union as well as vice-chairman of both the War Production Board and the War Manpower Commission during the war. His parts of the book read as though they had been written by the educational staff of the CIO. It is good union gospel, though for the most part it has little to do with interdependence.

Because I agree with most of what these writers have written I am sorry that they have not been more forthright. You simply cannot write about what "we farmers" are thinking with the same degree of honesty and conviction that the head of the New York Weather Bureau conveys when he says, "We meteorologists do not call last month's storms blizzards."

Waring and Golden point out that the historic and contemporary well cultivated misunderstanding between farmers and workers arises from the economic insecurity of their lives. They say the working people seek to join the ranks of the liberated in Western society and that the labor movement is an expression of this. "Marx had seen unerringly that these people would seek their freedom." It is not class struggle, they say. Well, what is it?

It is true that throughout the period of industrial expansion in America many farmers and much land were exploited to provide cheap food for underpaid labor. Why don't these authors indicate that the same exploitative forces in society have shaped the worker and the working farmer and at the same time have skillfully kept them apart?

WALTER MAGNES TELLER

*Walter Magnes Teller is co-author, with P. Alston Waring, of* Roots in the Earth: The Small Farmer Looks Ahead.

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# Music

## *Twilight of the Dance Band*

I DON'T KNOW how things are in Glocca Morra, but I can say with a reasonable amount of authority that they're tough in the band business. The jazz-band business, that is. Time was when any interested listener—and there were millions of them—could go to the nearest night club or juke box and hear big, powerful dance bands playing real jazz.

Today this is far from the case. There are plenty of big bands, but their leaders' conception of the word "jazz"—with a few rare exceptions—seems to involve elaborate arrangements that add up to approximately nothing as far as originality is concerned. It involves soloists who are technical virtuosos proclaiming their expertness as loudly as they possibly can, but with scarcely any imagination. It involves girl vocalists who think that the only way to put warmth into a lyric is to effect a strained, hopped-up Uncle Tom accent and forget whatever natural qualities their voices may once have had—although they seldom forget Mother Nature in regard to other endowments which look very nice on a bandstand. It involves little vocal groups with cute names that whine their way through tunes which may originally have been written with some sort of dignity. The whole business is technically perfect but incredibly dull. Big dance bands today remind me of typists who can set speed records behind their machines but who can't write an intelligible sentence unless it's dictated.

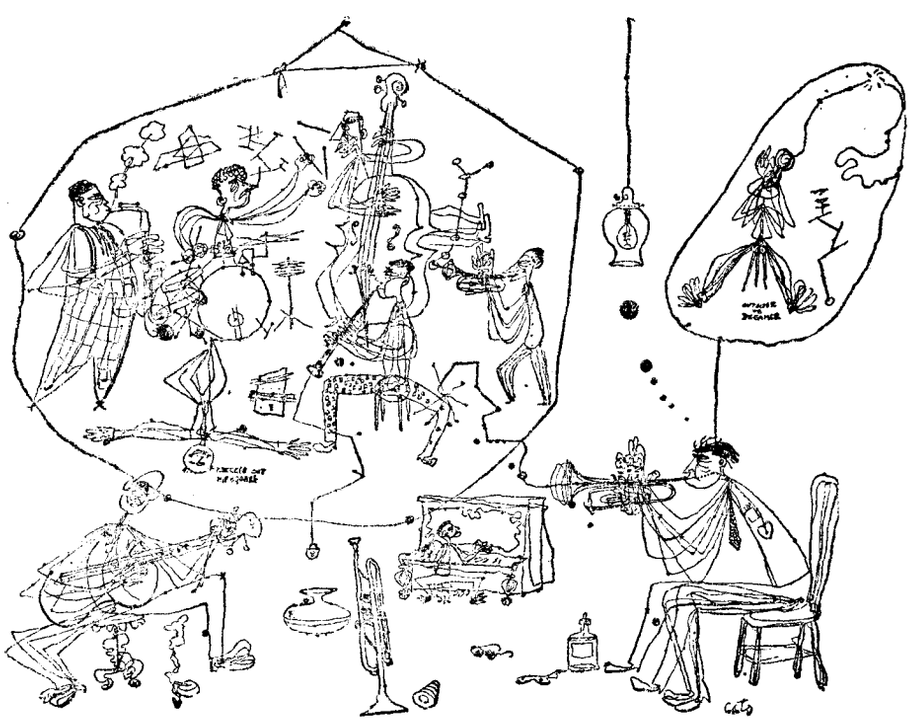
This doesn't mean that jazz isn't alive today. In New York, for example, there's Dixieland at Nick's, Condon's and Ryan's. Re bop—a wild, experimental style—holds forth all over Fifty-second Street, Harlem and Los Angeles, although it represents nothing to me. Jazz concerts, pretentious as they may be, still offer music that's representative of the best in the game. And, bless them, the adolescents from six to sixty are still running their little jazz clubs, putting out their little pamphlets, and conducting their violent little feuds in support of either Dizzy Gillespie or Bunk Johnson, respective leaders of the avant-garde (re bop) or neo-classic (New Orleans) schools.

HOWEVER, there's a gap, and an unfortunate one. This gap was once filled by big bands that played honest jazz and gave intelligent interpretations to popular ballads. As a sad observer of the decline and fall of the big jazz orchestra, I look back fondly on the days when Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and others gave some of the best soloists in the business opportunity to work behind arrangements that were sensible and imaginative. I remember how Bob Crosby took the two-beat music of New Orleans parades and put it into orchestrations that in no way detracted from the spontaneity of the music. I remember Count Basie's brass, reeds and rhythm working in an exciting machine of power and drive. I remember how Duke Ellington used a jazz format to express ideas beyond the realm of jazz.

The big band had two things that small combinations were unable to offer—a certain power and expansiveness, and the opportunity for serious arrangers to express themselves in orchestrations worthy of notice as real contributions to music. But today, with a few exceptions, big bands are uninterestingly alike. Dorsey and Goodman have been without orchestras for some time, although Goodman is recording again for Capitol. Bob Crosby doesn't play Dixieland any more. Basie's power has been replaced largely with noise, and Duke Ellington is doing things that don't appeal to me personally—at any rate they don't seem to have the fire of a few years ago. The only band today that I can identify with the wonderful groups of the late thirties and early forties is the Harry James band, which is simultaneously good to dance to and interesting for jazz ideas.

THE decline of the dance band as a jazz medium is due largely to the fact that a big orchestra simply costs too much to operate. Most of the big bands in existence today are balancing on the edge of financial collapse—which is all right with me. It might be a good thing for American music if most of the leaders and sidemen went in for truck farming or professional football.

CHARLES MILLER



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# Theatre

## *Repertory and Revival*

"YELLOW JACK" (International Theatre) by the late Sidney Howard, in collaboration with Paul de Kruif, marks both the latest production by the American Repertory Theatre and its departure, for the moment at least, from the original plan. That is to say the repertory idea did not quite work out and the organization is running off a production in the usual Broadway style, as a sort of stop-gap. As I understand it, this does not mean that the repertory idea has been abandoned, but is merely to take time off, as it were, to get things going more securely.

This predicament of the American Repertory Theatre leads to pointed speculations. How far is such a theatre possible, plausible or desirable in a great city like New York. And wherein did the American Repertory Theatre fail? Certainly this company did a fair enough job with Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," and the "John Gabriel Borkman" was almost throughout a most considerable masterpiece in production. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" unfortunately calls for a star of no little drawing power, otherwise the story falls flat; and there was no such star. But there are other problems involved in a repertory venture.

The chief of these problems, I should think, is the company that exists as a whole, not as a setting for various star figures, even if they can be secured as members. This company needs attention and affection from its own public, needs an ever growing response and recognition. That takes time. It takes also a certain community sense, almost a little world all the company's own, by way of audience. How much this can be attained in a place like our New York of today is a question. This town, so multitudinous, so polyglot, so rushed, so various and confused, so forgetful, so enthusiastic, and so press-ridden, is not likely to form a very strong nucleus around any theatre. It certainly will not do so save under a bombardment of the most prodigious and costly publicity. And thus it happens that, despite their heroic efforts and their integrity, the people behind the American Repertory Theatre have found themselves before the season's end in an impasse.

"YELLOW JACK" would indeed seem an odd choice by way of ingratiation as regards the public. It is a worthy play, telling the story of the isolation of the yellow-fever mosquito, as conducted in the West Indies by the great Walter Reed. The play was written mainly by the late Sidney Howard, who was one of those figures in art who exhibit the facility and the temporal limitations of the eternal second-rate. Perhaps the exhibitionistic method was in vogue at the moment he wrote the play, which means that the speeches would be short indeed and that much would be left to the actors. This is all very well, but now, after the lapse of years, we see the actor battling with the Walter Reed part, doing what he can with what has not a single remark to show the greatness of the man, and the short speeches here and there by which the characters do more to illustrate a dramatist's theory than to create an acting role.

"Yellow Jack" shows worthily some of the sacrifices that went to the proof of the yellow-fever case, but it remains a somewhat tedious transcription of what was vivid into what was stylistic. A proof of this rests simply in the matter of the four soldiers. They parade their points of view, their passions and hiccups, in as thoroughly stylized a manner as the chorus in a Greek drama. On top of this we have the mosquitoes and the smells and the test tubes, treated somewhat realistically, but never with the firm control of a first-rate artist. In sum, we have here a very interesting case of a drama in which the primary appeal is that of a desperately real situation of human need and tragic ruin, and in which the secondary appeal, as molded by the authors, is a stylistic matter of expression and short-sketching, never accomplished with any distinction or inevitable precision and bite. There is a blur between these two elements—and this constitutes all the difference between the first-rate and the second-rate.

As the play is written there is only one role that delivers itself to the actor as safe and sound, sure to be acted acceptably unless the player is the world's goose. This is the part of the old Scotchman who for years has devoted himself to the study of the right mosquito in this yellow-fever search. He is loath to divide his honors with what might be nincompoops, but is at last persuaded to do so. Philip Bourneuf does this engaging role with much insight and technical charm. One of the compliments we may pay such an enterprise as the American Repertory Theatre is that it provides a chance for such a technical development as is to be observed in Philip Bourneuf in the various roles he has essayed this season.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST" (Royale Theatre) brings Oscar Wilde's ancient farce-comedy to us at a somewhat more distant point than holds with Shakespeare. But the play has much charm left. The production, under the direction of John Gielgud, is very stylish and full of distinction. His own playing is quietly reserved and often effective. The role of Lady Bracknell, as done by Margaret Rutherford, is the fat role of the play, and is done by her to perfection. The most curiously effective and right performance of the whole occasion is Pamela Brown's Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax, very much stylized and a triumph in its way. The settings by Motley present the familiar Motley mediocrity, not to be compared with the Cecil Beaton settings for the rival "Lady Windermere's Fan," now current. The whole occasion is delightful and in fine taste. But the fact remains that this direct treatment of the play leaves it a little emptier and more dangling than some of the more farcical presentations of it that we have seen in the past. Not that I would change Gielgud's conception—far from it.

STARK YOUNG

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# Movies

## *Tracy and Hepburn*

I FIND my feeling for Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn is a mixture of personal respect and professional regret. I've admired them for years, and would still rather watch them than any other team on the screen, but in "The Sea of Grass" it seems wasteful to let two such good, attractive actors wander through a lavish production like thoroughbred somnambulists.

Hepburn of the beautiful bones is more polished than ever; Tracy, though he is no longer a priest—here he is a colonel and what the press has called a Cattle Baron—is still playing Father Tracy and is getting more pensive and solemn and good every day. I think back to when he was just Spencer Tracy and an exciting actor, though I minded his always wearing a gray felt hat, and those days are like a noisy picnic remembered in church. His playing has always been on the quiet side, but now that former underacting seems like a wild romp in the sun. And yet I'm sure there is still fire and magnetism behind his strength. It must be some mistaken actor's mold he has made for himself (or his reputation), and the story chosen because of it, and the awed direction, that give his performance a static quality.

The idea in "The Sea of Grass" is to show the reaction of a wife's temperament on the taciturn, solemn character of her older husband. Her warm heart is at variance with his stern principles; his unforgiving nature casts her out of the house, banishes her from her children, and thus ruins both their lives. They make impressive, admirable still pictures every few minutes, but they are about as convincing as waxworks. The one, always fabulously dressed, suffers prettily and, because they are very rich, with ladylike restraint; the other endures in heavy dignity, looking older than Adam. The story may have been a good idea, but it never comes off. There are such great gaps in it that it is hard to understand how it can seem so long.

The cattle colonel, always out on the range, worries more about his grass, she thinks, than about his decorative wife. She is lonely and bored, and she disagrees with one of his major precepts, which is that homesteaders and farmers moving in on the plains will ruin the land, the cattle business and eventually themselves. She takes advantage of him, in an understandably soft moment when she announces they are to have a baby, to make him consent to giving a piece of his land to some bedraggled farmers. He says at the time that they won't last six months, and though they go on a bit longer, they suffer every torture of the prairie and end up hating both their benefactors.

Tracy tries to keep Hepburn happy by giving her the most entrancingly tender nurse I've ever seen (played by Edgar Buchanan), still more clothes and an elaborate party. She dashes around in a cute buggy and flirts with a lawyer, Melvyn Douglas. But the scrap over the unhappy farmer folk begins to undermine the marriage and eventually things get so bad that Hepburn lights out. She's supposed to have come from St. Louis, where she got a charming New England accent, but on this first trip of many she only gets as far as Denver. There she runs into the lawyer, and they spend what looked to me like a very innocent evening. The producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the director, Elia Kazan, and the writers, Marguerite Roberts and Vincent Lawrence, then get terribly coy about that evening. She goes home and starts life all over again with her cattle colonel. Then another child, a boy, is born to them. I found out much later he was illegitimate—the lawyer's issue, no less. It was handled so delicately that it was never made clear to your reviewer.

THE scenery in "Sea of Grass" is wonderful and the photography is excellent. Robert Walker and Phyllis Thaxter, as the children, give most creditable performances; Harry Carey as the doctor is Harry Carey. I left the theatre wondering why such a picture was made in such a way. I didn't be-

### WORTH SEEING

BOOMERANG—Dana Andrews and Jane Wyatt in a good story made like a documentary.

PURSUED—Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum and Judith Anderson in a beautiful Western.

CHILDREN OF PARADISE—(*Les Enfants du Paradis*—French film, English titles). The movie medium used intelligently and with feeling.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—Excellent cast headed by Fredric March. Veterans' problems. Good entertainment.

HENRY THE FIFTH and CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Superb English films. Don't miss them.

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN—David Niven and Roger Livesey in a charming, elaborate fantasy.

HUMORESQUE—Moving story with the best dubbed-in music around. John Garfield, Joan Crawford and especially Oscar Levant are great stuff.

### SAVE YOUR EYES

SONG OF THE SOUTH—Disney gone offensive in a big way.

CALIFORNIA—Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Fitzgerald in a movie that's so bad the audience makes strange noises.

THE WICKED LADY—Margaret Lockwood's figure and nothing else recommends this.

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—Old unpublished Gershwin songs. Betty Grable and Dick Haymes aren't bad, but it's nothing to plow through the snow to see.

SINBAD THE SAILOR—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Maureen O'Hara. It's silly, expensive stuff and has little to do with "The Arabian Nights."

BEDELIA—Another Margaret Lockwood and, unhappily enough, as bad as "The Wicked Lady."

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lieve any of it and I'm a credulous type. No mother separated from her young leaves me cold: that is one-two-three tearjerker stuff, and works in this movie, too. But it's difficult to put it over when the character has acted like a ninny and deserves what she's getting. There is no evident reason for a bright woman, with a good heart, getting as petulant or mixed up as this one in "The Sea of Grass." She tears up her husband's check when she leaves for good; she hasn't a penny; yet she is shown looking as well fed as Hepburn ever looks, and quite modish, and you wonder what she's doing for a living. "The Sea of Grass" is a slick superproduction and the script must have been as costly as it is slipshod. I still want to see Hepburn and Tracy again.

"SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING" has its charming title and Macdonald Carey to recommend it. He steals the picture, tongue in cheek, and I'm grateful to him. Carey, a young actor who, if he doesn't go far, will prove once more that Hollywood is crazy, has the endearing qualities of a spaniel, a deep voice, obvious intelligence and a knowledgeable talent. He played opposite Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady in the Dark," and since then has been in the Marines.

In "Suddenly It's Spring" Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray are the stars and Arleen Whelan is the siren. The story is a sorry little farce, not witty enough, or enough enameled, to excuse its attempts at naughtiness. The foundation of marriage in this movie being "allure," sex is represented by that tired device, the sheer black nightgown. Goddard gets into it and out of it, into it and out of it.

IN "Nora Prentiss" a man is condemned and executed for his own murder. Ann Sheridan is remarkably good, and Kent Smith tries to do what he can. His is without doubt the most interesting make-up job of the season and is by Perc Westmore. Mainly responsible for making mediocre a film that could have been saved by care and imagination are director Vincent Sherman and producer William Jacobs of Warner Brothers.

SHIRLEY O'HARA


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# New Republic News

## *Type Matter*

IF YOU look at the bottom of page 47 of this or any other issue of the *NR*, and if you have exceedingly good eyes, you will observe that we are printed by the Steinberg Press, Inc., at the corner of Morgan and Johnson Avenues, in Brooklyn.

We've been giving some thought to Steinberg's printing establishment in the last few days, because on March 15 its president will have completed his fortieth year of printing in New York City. In round numbers that doesn't seem so long, but in terms of the development of modern commercial printing it's a tremendous span.

When Steinberg went to work as an apprentice in the trade (his first job was with an outfit printing buttons for the presidential campaign of McKinley and Hobart), the linotype machine had just been invented, almost all type was still being set by hand, the work week was 59 hours and the beginner's wage for that time was $3.

In the bulk of the New York plants up through the turn of the century—and Steinberg worked in several of them—machinery was powered by steam engines and was transmitted by an elaborate system of overhead wheels and drive belts. Central heating was unknown in most plants, with the result that on cold mornings—particularly Monday mornings—the crew often had to pour kerosene on the printing forms and ignite it to warm up the ink. Fire buckets were held ready by the junior workers. Type was often set in a plant some distance from the printers and the heavy forms were transported by wheel-barrow (by horse and buggy if you were doing exceedingly well). They were hoisted to the proper floor by block and tackle. Everyone coöperated on this job of heave-ho, but occasionally someone slipped and then there was a lot of type to pick up on the street. There's something reminiscent of Charles Dickens in the whole picture.

Steinberg moved on from his commercial printing training to a pressman's job at the old New York *Herald*. He still remembers with a little emotion the weekend shift that began at four on Saturday afternoon and ran through to eight on Sunday morning, with a 20-minute break for refreshments. After that he became foreman of another plant and in 1907 went into partnership on his own. On Christmas night, 1913, the plant burned out (next morning they found molten type metal splashed around three floors below) and the young printers started over again. They made a success printing things like "Pluck and Luck," "Fame and Fortune" and "The Liberty Boys" (their own careers were not completely unlike those of the nickel-romance heroes). All in all, Steinberg has weathered a couple of world wars and two or three depressions, has watched the craft of printing grow from hand-fed, foot-powered job presses to the giant rotary machines of today, and is now busily engaged in training the next generation of his family to the craft. We wish him more decades of good and prosperous printing.

POT-of-gold note: As of this week payments for contributions to the Bandwagon go up from $1 to $2. We don't suggest that this is an occasion for costly celebration on the part of the steady contributors, but at least it's a 100-percent jump, which more than meets the necessities of the cost-of-living index.

# Bandwagon

### *Denazification*

Germany's insane asylums now contain fewer persons who think they are Adolf Hitler than they did during the twelve years of Nazi rule. – *From the New York* Herald Tribune.

### *And No Isabella, Either*

Someone once said that Columbus never would have undertaken his famous trip if he had anticipated the difficulties. And maybe we at Swift's would never have undertaken to develop a perfected lard if we'd realized the headaches that lay ahead. – *John Holmes, president Swift and Company, in a full-page ad in the Baltimore* Sun.

### *Most Families Would Like To*

The most marketwise of all family heirlooms are GOOD diamonds of from one to two carats, combined with a fair amount of gold or platinum. The best of these retail at from $1,250 upward per carat. Rare rugs and beautiful antiques also have a ready market and are usually appreciated when inherited by children and grandchildren. Certainly, every family should possess some of these REAL things along with stocks, bonds and even bank accounts. – *Roger Babson in the Oyster Bay (New York)* Guardian.

### *First Things First?*

Read Barbara Webster if you like the country and carefully polished prose. She has a wonderful feeling for animals, servants and all who are powerless and dependent in a cruel world. – *From a book review in the New York* Post.

### *Oh, Well, It's a Change*

Mayor Hague [of Jersey City] is on his annual fifteen-week vacation at his winter home, 4736 North Bay Road, Miami Beach, Florida. – *From the New York* Times.

### *Un-American Activities*

Barker has told the committee that he had given a photostat of the [Hart] letter to [former] Representative Martin Dies (D, Tex.) and that Dies had not made the letter public because it was seized illegally from the Communist Party files. . . . Friendly quoted Dies as having remarked that illegal seizure

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"would have no bearing in this case because half the stuff we got we seized illegally." – *From the Washington* Post.

*White Man's Burden*

If you think the creative departments in our agencies here have problems, artists in India have to be able to hand-letter in 15 written languages. The JWT offices in Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi consequently are staffed 95 percent by natives. – *Charles M. Sievert in the New York* World-Telegram.

*At Home Abroad*

"This would be a wonderful country if it weren't for the Jews. We ought to have the kind of plantations here that we have in Malaya and we could have a club on Mt. Carmel that would beat Singapore any day." – *A British official in Palestine, quoted by I. F. Stone in* PM.

*Proof of the Pudding*

J. Howard Pew, president of the Sun Oil Company, said today that until government wartime controls are ended "industry cannot function efficiently and effectively to serve the nation." He told stockholders in an annual report that Sun established new records in 1946 for crude oil production, refinery operations and marketing. – *AP dispatch from Philadelphia.*

*Highest References*

If you are a White, Gentile Anti-Jewish Christian American of good character. . . . – *From publicity leaflet of the Stoner Anti-Jewish Party, Chattanooga, Tennessee.*

*Our Life and Hard Times*

Said Representative August H. Andresen (R, Minn.): ". . . If they [the Hearst papers] had not let the country know just how much of our own badly needed sugar was being sent to foreign countries, some of them strongly anti-American, we would still be on the near-famine rations of 1946. . . ." – *From Jerome Butler's column in the New York* Journal-American.

*Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o* New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS


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# Correspondence

*Broadcasting Coöperatives*

SIR: In his excellent article entitled "Your Set is Obsolete" [the *NR*, February 17], Thomas Whiteside says "only one cooperative station exists—Washington's WQQW. . . ." We are sure that Whiteside can find no good ground for calling WQQW a coöperative. Metropolitan Broadcasting Corporation, which owns that station, is an ordinary business corporation, whose earnings inure to the benefit of its stockholders. It is therefore prohibited by District of Columbia law from holding itself out as a coöperative or using the word "coöperative" in its name.

Moreover, WQQW is not connected with or sponsored by any of the leading consumer coöperatives of the Washington area, such as Rochdale Coöperative, Group Health Association, Greenbelt Consumer Services and other members of the Potomac Coöperative Federation, Inc. These coöperatives are the sponsors and common stockholders of Potomac Broadcasting Coöperative, Inc., and thereby control the policies of Station WCFM and are wholly committed to its support. Moreover, Potomac Broadcasting Coöperative, Inc., is incorporated under the D. C. Coöperative Associations Act as a true consumer coöperative, operated solely for the benefit of its listeners as ultimate consumers. So far as we know, it is the only such organization in the United States. . . .

HERBERT S. WOOD, President,
Potomac Broadcasting
*Washington, D. C.* Coöperative, Inc.

*Life Begins at Forty*

SIR: My three-year renewal of a subscription, which your records will show dates back for many years, can be accepted as an evidence of my high regard for the *New Republic* and my wholehearted support of the principles it stands for.

There is one discordant note, however, which I feel I should sound. Several times I have observed, in announcing the expanded activities planned under Henry Wallace's editorship, the word "young" has been used in referring to the present editorial staff, adopting, seemingly, the idea widely current at the present time that "young" as applied to an individual connotes all qualities that are desirable while "old" connotes all that are undesirable.

There is a world of evidence to prove that this idea is a mistaken one, but it persists just the same. I am only sorry to see the *New Republic* take up with it. Personally, I have found my mental horizon broadening with the advancing years, and at 68 I am certainly more truly a liberal, with wider sympathies and deeper understanding, than at 28 or 38. Indeed, some of the most stiff-headed tories I know are very young men. Let us have more of the judgment of men on the basis of their intrinsic worth and less on the basis of the number of years they happen to have lived. . . .

*Collingswood, N. J.* W. C. ROWE

[We're aging fast. — THE EDITORS]

# Letter of the Week

*(Continued from page 3)*

print, published by the government and retailed through book shops and newsstands. The report branded as guilty all the detainees before any vestige of trial occurred. Only after the commissioners were done with them were the accused turned over to the courts. Six[1] have now been completely cleared.

THE protests (which could not have been omitted from any attempt at fair and accurate reporting) go far beyond the range of left-wing organizations, civil-liberties groups or partisan politics. They came from members of every major political party in the House of Commons, including the Honorable C. G. Power, wartime air minister, who pronounced a solemn requiem over the remains of the Magna Carta in the House; John Diefenbaker, number-two man of the official Conservative Opposition, who is now attempting to introduce a Bill of Rights into Parliament; and M. J. Coldwell, leader of the non-Communist, left-wing group in the Commons. The Canadian Bar Association, associations of clergy, many of the most prominent Center and right-wing newspapers in the Dominion have joined the hue and cry. No mention of their protests occurs in any of the "exposés" which the writer has seen in leading US large-circulation magazines.

What are the results as they relate to individuals? The six declared inno-

[1] Since this letter was received, Israel Halperin, professor of Mathematics at Queens University, Kingston, Ontario, and during the war attached to the Directorate of Artillery, has also been acquitted.

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cent are squadron-leaders (equivalent to major) F. W. Poland and M. S. Nightingale of the Royal Canadian Air Force; government economists Eric G. Adams and Agatha Chapman; former navy lieutenant and scientist David Shugar; and W. H. Pappin, a passport clerk. Kathleen Willsher, former employee of the British High Commissioner's office, who pleaded guilty, under police pressure, to giving secret information for transmission to a foreign power, did so on the strength of conversations she had held with Adams —"between government employees." Adams has since been acquitted, but Willsher remains in the penitentiary!

Some members of the group were certainly guilty, but those who have been cleared by the courts stand condemned for all time in the government's best-seller report. True, the government has bowed to public opinion to the extent of inserting a sticker in later editions calling attention to the innocence of the six, but it cannot supply errata for the thousands of copies already distributed.

THE implications? Twenty-five years hence when Fred Poland, whom I have known since boyhood, has become a respected and substantial citizen, I may publish in full the text of that part of the report which brands him as a Soviet spy and Poland will have no recourse in libel, nor any other grounds on which to defend himself, for publication will be from a privileged document. A pleasant prospect for a young man to face! At least one of those acquitted has been refused his prewar job, although innocent, "because of the report." All of them have spent thousands of dollars to defend themselves against the charges of the government; more than one is completely impoverished as a result. Yet they have no legal means of recovering their money. Worst of all, Canada has established the precedent of the Star Chamber and of *lettres de cachet*, while the "good citizen," not realizing that it could happen to him, sagely insists that a fine day's work was done. Perhaps so. But not in democracy's behalf.

*Montreal, Canada* LESLIE ROBERTS

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